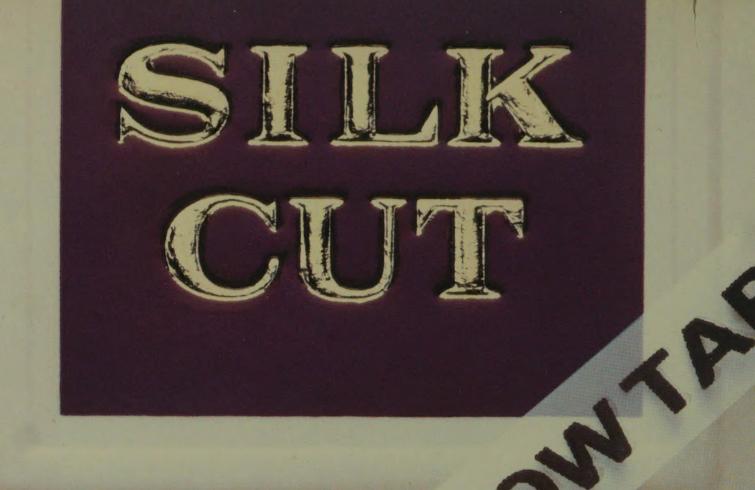
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The Illustrated

Number 6995 Volume 269 June 1981

Cover: The Duke of Edinburgh who this month celebrates his 60th birthday. Photograph: Tim Graham. See page 28.

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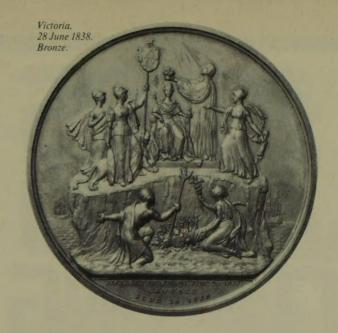
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Elizabeth, Consort of George VI, 12 May 1937, Silver.



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ILN'S GUIDE TO EVENTS

★THEATRE ★

Accidental Death of an Anarchist. The Belt & Braces Company, from the "fringe", has its fun with a play by an Italian dramatist, Dario Fo. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.

The Accrington Pals. New play by Peter Whelan about young men leaving to fight in 1914 & the girls they leave behind. Directed by Bill Alexander. Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2. Until June 16.

Amadeus. Frank Finlay as Mozart's enemy Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Schaffer. Peter Hall directs. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.

Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1*.

Anyone for Denis? New comedy by John Wells based on his column in Private Eye, with Angela Thorne & John Wells as the Prime Minister & her husband. Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1.

As You Like It. Susan Fleetwood's radiant Rosalind is at the heart of an imaginative revival by Terry Hands. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks. Until June 20.

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas. A silly title & a brassy American musical to match. *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2*.

Britannicus. English version of Racine's tragedy directed by Christopher Fettes with Siobhan McKenna, Donald Pickering & Alan MacNaughton. Lyric Studio, King St, W6. Until June 27.

The Business of Murder. A really taut puzzle-play with a performance by Francis Matthews to match. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2.

The Caretaker. Kenneth Ives directs Pinter's fine early play now revived with Norman Beaton, Troy Foster & Oscar James. Lyttelton, National Theatre. South Bank. S.E.L.

Cats. New musical by Andrew Lloyd Webber based on the writings of T. S. Eliot. Directed by Trevor Nunn with Elaine Page, Paul Nicholas & Wayne Sleep. New London Theatre, Drury Lane, WC2.

The Cherry Orchard. Patrick Garland directs Chekhov's play, with Claire Bloom, Phoebe Nicholls, Sarah Badel, Joss Ackland, Emrys James & Christopher Timothy. Chichester Festival Theatre, Chichester, W Sussex. Until July 4. Dangerous Corner. J. B. Priestley's time play directed by Robert Gillespie with Anthony Daniels, Stacy Dorning & Clive Francis. Ambassador's, West St, WC2.

Don Juan. Molière is often troublesome in English &, except for the economically-managed supernatural scenes, this revival of a lesser-known play is unexciting. Nigel Terry is Juan. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.

Duet for One. Tom Kempinski's study of two people—a woman violinist disabled by multiple sclerosis & her patient psychiatrist—is both emotionally satisfying & urgently acted by Frances de la Tour & David de Keyser. Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2.

Educating Rita. Willy Russell's play transferred from The Warehouse. Directed by Mike Ockrent, with Shirin Taylor & Mark Kingston. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1*.

The Elephant Man. Bernard Pomerance's play, an affecting & ironical study of two men, physician & patient, is the tale of the grotesquely deformed "freak", redoubtably acted by David Schofield, whom Frederick Treves saved from a side-show in the 1880s. Lyttelton. Until June 6.

An Evening with Quentin Crisp, One-man show. May Fair, Stratton St, W1. Until June 6 or 13.

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1.

Ezra. Ian McDiarmid plays Ezra Pound in this play by Bernard Kops, directed by Robert Walker. New Half-Moon, 213 Mile End Rd, E1. Until June 6.

Feasting with Panthers. New play written & directed by Peter Coe about the trials of Oscar Wilde. With Tom Baker as Wilde, Frank Shelley, Lockwood West, Aubrey Woods & Donald Houston. Chichester Festival Theatre.

The Forest. New translation of Ostrovsky's comedy about the adventures of two strolling players. Directed by Adrian Noble with Alan Howard,

Richard Pasco & Barbara Leigh-Hunt. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks. Until June 16.

Goose Pimples. New play devised & directed by Mike Leigh, with Marion Bailey, Jill Baker, Jim Broadbent & Antony Sher. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.

Hamlet. A lucid, forthright production by John Barton, with Michael Pennington's comparable performance of the Prince. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. Until June 19.

Hamlet. Lindsay Anderson's new production, with Frank Grimes in the title role. *Theatre Royal, Gerry Raffles Sq, E15*. Until June 20.

Hansel & Gretel. Last year's production of David Rudkin's play for adults. Directed by Ron Daniels, with Brenda Bruce as the Witch. *The* Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon. Until June 18.

Have You Anything to Declare? French farce with Brian Cox, Derek Griffiths, Dilys Hamlett & John Phillips. Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1. Until June 6.

House Guest. New thriller by Francis Durbridge. Directed by Val May with Susan Hampshire & Gerald Harper. Savoy, Strand, WC2.

I Can Give You a Good Time. New play by Gilly Fraser about a prostitute & her relationships with her clients. Directed by Max Stafford-Clark & Antonia Bird. Royal Court Theatre Upstairs, Sloane Sq, SW1. Until early June.

I'm Getting my Act Together & Taking it on the Road. A long title for a small musical which depends on fine singing by Diane Langton. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.

Ipi Tombi. Return of the South African musical. Cambridge, Earlham St, WC2.

It's Magic. Paul Daniels is not only an unusually loquacious conjurer, he is also an exceedingly dextrous one. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St., W1*.

The Knight of the Burning Pestle. Beaumont's rarely seen classic comedy emerges, in a self-indulgent production, as three hours of vigorous chaos. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2. Until June 20.

The Life of Galileo. Brecht's long & determined biographical play is graced by a progressively complete performance by Michael Gambon & a full production by John Dexter. Olivier.

Macbeth. George Murcell directs this revival with David Weston in the title role. St George's, Tufnell Park Rd. N7.

Man & Superman. This National Theatre achievement gives Shaw's entire text, with Juan-in-Hell interlude, directed by Christopher Morahan. Exceptional speaking by Daniel Massey, Penelope Wilton & Michael Bryant. Olivier.

Measure for Measure. Regret it as we may, the average West Indian voice is not for Shakespeare, & Michael Rudman's busy translation of the play to a Caribbean island gets monotonous. Lyttelton. The Merchant of Venice. John Barton's production, richly imagined, has David Suchet as a strikingly unusual Shylock & Sinead Cusack as a Portia to remember. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. Until June 20.

Mister Lincoln. Roy Dotrice is, masterfully & unaffectedly, Lincoln: a grand one-man performance in a text by Herbert Mitgang. Fortune, Russell St. WC2.

A Month in the Country. Using a very full Turgenev text, translated by Isaiah Berlin, Peter Gill's sympathetic production is helped by the playing of Francesca Annis, Caroline Langrishe & Ewan Stewart. Olivier.

The Mousetrap. Agatha Christie's long-runner, now in its 29th year, kept alive with cast changes. St Martin's, West St, WC2.

Moving. A comedy by Stanley Price, in which Penelope Keith is a crisp yet vulnerable housewife, caught with her dentist-husband (Peter Jeffrey) in a web of mortgages, offers & bridging loans. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1*.

Much Ado About Nothing. Ian Talbot directs last year's production of Shakespeare's comedy, with Kate O'Mara & Gary Raymond. *Open-Air Theatre, Regent's Pk, NW1*. From June 16.

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza in her Lerner-Loewe musical development is back again. Jill Martin as the transformed flower-girl & Tony Britton triumphantly in command as her professor. Adelphi, Strand, WC2.

Nicholas Nickleby. A remarkable feat during which, in two nights & eight and a half hours, the RSC presents the entire Dickens novel. Production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Aldwych. Until June 20.

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longestrunning comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 3,500 performances & shows no sign of flagging. Strand, Aldwych. WC2.

Oklahoma! Though nothing can eclipse the mem-

ory of that Drury Lane opening night in 1947, time has not dulled the Richard Rodgers score—or, for that matter, the Hammerstein lyrics. *Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1*.

Outskirts. New play by Hanif Kureishi exploring the shifting relationship between two teenagers. *Warehouse*, Until June 20.

Overheard. New play by Peter Ustinov, directed by Clifford Williams. With Deborah Kerr & Ian Carmichael. *Haymarket*, *Haymarket*, *SW1*.

Pal Joey. Sián Phillips, superb as the wealthy Chicago woman, in an entirely new world for her—the revival of a musical, score by Richard Rodgers, that has become something of a classic. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2*.

Present Laughter. Donald Sinden, as the egocentric actor for whom the world's a stage, heads the best Coward revival for years. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.

Satyricon. Adult comedy about life in ancient Rome. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.

The Seaguil. For the 25th birthday of the Court Chekhov moves from Russia to remote 19th-century Galway; an uncompromising but atmospherically potent version by Thomas Kilroy. Anna Massey is the actress Arkadina, here called Isobel Desmond. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1*. Until June 6.

Sergeant Musgrave's Dance. John Arden's play about a group of soldiers arriving in a strike-bound northern town. Directed by John Burgess with John Thaw as Musgrave. Cottesloe.

The Shadow of a Gunman. Return of Sean O'Casey's play directed by Michael Bogdanov. With Michael Pennington, Norman Rodway & Darbhla Molloy. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon. Until June 20.

Shakespeare's Love Royal/The Loves of Henry VIII. A double bill, the first half offering four Shakespearian variants on the theme of love; the second, George Murcell's compilation of letters, documents & songs from the court of Henry VIII. St. George's

Sideshow. The Graeae Theatre Company for the disabled present a play about characters from a fairground freak show who escape into the real world. Half-Moon, 27 Alie St, E1. June 15-20.

Taking Steps by Alan Ayckbourn, directed by Michael Rudman, with Dinsdale Landen & Nicola Pagett. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.

They're Playing Our Song. Tom Conti & Gemma Craven govern what is virtually a two-part musical with a swift book by Neil Simon & some pleasant tunes by Marvin Hamlisch. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2.

Timon of Athens. Directed by Ron Daniels with Richard Pasco in the title role. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Ayon*. Until June 17.

Tomfoolery. A group of Tom Lehrer's blisteringly amusing songs in a rich performance, revuefashion, by Tricia George, Peter Reeves, Martin Connor & Dave Delve; directed by Gillian Lynne. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.

Translations. English première of a new play by Brian Friel, directed by Donald McWhinnie. Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3.

Two & Two Make Sex. Comedy by Richard Harris & Leslie Darbon. *Thorndike, Leatherhead, Surrey*. Until June 13.

First nights

The Comedy of Errors. Directed by Richard Digby Day with Gabrielle Drake. Open-Air Theatre, Regent's Pk, NWI. June 1.

Sedition '81. Roland Muldoon plays a character living on an Arts Council grant in this variety show. *Half-Moon*, 27 Alie St, E1. June 3-13.

Billy Bishop Goes to War. Canadian theatre company in a play based on the life of a Canadian ace pilot. Comedy, Panton St, SWI. June 3.

The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw's play directed by Alan Strachan, with Maria Aitken & Leigh Lawson. *Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10*. June 4.

Having a Ball (Private Practices). Alan Bleasdale's comic drama about vasectomy. Directed by Alan Dossor with Julie Walters & Philip Donaghy. Lyric, King St, W6. June 8.

Waiting for Godot. Max Wall & Trevor Peacock are the two tramps in Beckett's play, directed by Graham Murray. Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1. June 9-27.

No End of Blame. New play by Howard Barker about a Hungarian political cartoonist. Directed by Nicolas Kent with Paul Freeman as the cartoonist. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1. June 10.

Barnum. Broadway musical about the celebrated circus, with Michael Crawford in the title role. Palladium, Argyll St, W1. June 11.

The Worlds. Edward Bond's play about a managing director kidnapped by industrial terrorists. Directed by Nick Hamm with Ian McDiarmid, Siân Thomas & Barrie Houghton. New Half-Moon, 213 Mile End Rd, E1. June 15.

Texts. Adaptation of two prose works by Samuel Beckett, "Texts for Nothing" & "How It Is", performed by Joseph Chaikin & directed by Steven Kent. Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6. June 17-28.

One-Woman Plays. Trilogy by Dario Fo directed by Michael Bogdanov, with Yvonne Bryceland. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1. June 18.

The Shoemaker's Holiday by Thomas Dekker, directed by John Dexter, with Andrew Cruikshank, John Normington, Nicholas Selby, Alfred Lynch & Simon Eyre. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1. June 19.

Room. Devised & written by Natasha Morgan, the play looks at the life of a modern woman—housewife/writer/mother. Royal Court Theatre Upstairs, Sloane Sq, SW1. June 24.

Red Door Without a Bolt. Feminist cabaret by the Sadista Sisters. Half Moon. June 29.

The Twin Rivals. George Farquhar's Restoration play directed by John Caird. With Miles Anderson, Mike Gwilym & Miriam Karlin. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks. June 29.

The Winter's Tale. New production directed by Ronald Eyre, with Patrick Stewart, Gemma Jones, Leonie Mellinger, Sheila Hancock & Geoffrey Hutchings. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks. June 30.

★ CINEMA★

The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release.

The Antagonists. Based on the novel by Ernest K. Gann the film tells of the Jews' fight for freedom against Caesar's army. Directed by Boris Sagal with Peter O'Toole, Anthony Quayle, Anthony Valentine, Timothy West & David Warner.

Best Boy. Award-winning documentary by Ira Wohl about a mentally retarded American.

The Blood of Hussain. Written, directed & acted by Jamil Dehlavi with Kika Markham, the film is about the power struggle in modern Pakistan.

Brothers & Sisters. Thriller set in the north of England about a woman's murder & men's attitudes to women. Directed by Richard Woolley, with Carolyn Pickles.

The Cat & the Canary. Remake of the comedythriller about the family of an eccentric millionaire summoned to hear his will 20 years after his death Directed by Radley Metzger with Honor Blackman, Edward Fox, Wendy Hiller, Beatrix Lehmann, Daniel Massey & Peter McEnery.

Charlie Chan & the Curse of the Dragon Queen. Peter Ustinov plays the detective called out of retirement to solve a murder in San Francisco. Directed by Clive Donner with Angie Dickinson, Rachel Roberts & Roddy McDowall.

Chariots of Fire. Stirring British film about two athletes, Eric Liddell & Harold Abrahams, striving for excellence in the 1924 Olympics. It says a lot about class, religion & England & is most movingly written by Colin Welland.

Coal Miner's Daughter. The story of countrymusic star Loretta Lynn, told with gritty style by British director Michael Apted. Sissy Spacek plays the Kentucky-born heroine with honesty.

Crazy Mama. Jonathan Demme directs this story of the adventures that befall a mother & daughter travelling through America in the 1950s. With Cloris Leachman, Stuart Whitman, Ann Sothern & Jim Backus.

The First Deadly Sin. Thriller about the hunt for a psychopathic killer in the streets of New York. Directed by Brian G. Hutton with Frank Sinatra & Faye Dunaway.

From the Life of the Marionettes. German film directed by Ingmar Bergman about the investigation of a murder.

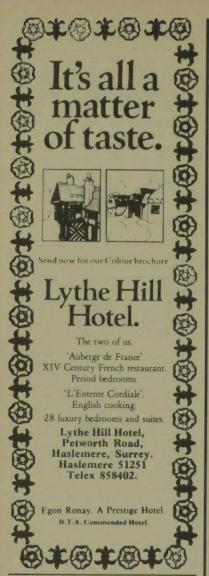
The Funhouse. Horror film about four young people who decide to spend the night in a local fair-ground. Directed by Tobe Hooper.

ground. Directed by Tobe Hooper.

Gloria. Lovely performance by Gena Rowlands as a gangster's moll toting a seven-year-old kid round a steamy New York. Unsentimental direction by John Cassavetes.

The Great Santini. Fascinating portrait of a Marine Corps monster (Robert Duvall) let down by the sentimental notion that he is not really such a bad chan after all.

Green Ice. Ernest Day directs this story about emerald smuggling in South America. With Ryan O'Neal, Anne Archer & Omar Sharif.





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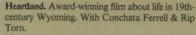
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The Idolmaker. Ray Sharkey plays a 1950s American singer/songwriter who promotes two young men to pop stardom in fulfilment of his own failed ambitions. Directed by Taylor Hackford.

The Incredible Shrinking Woman. Comedy about a suburban housewife who finds herself growing smaller day by day. Directed by Joel Schumacher with Lily Tomlin, Charles Grodin, Ned Beatty & Henry Gibson.

Inside Moves. The attempts by a group of handicapped people to lead normal & rewarding lives. Directed by Richard Donner with John Savage & Harold Russell.

The Kidnapping of the President. Political intrigue set in Argentina, directed by George Mendeluk. With William Shatner, Hal Holbrook, Van Johnson & Ava Gardner.

The Long Good Friday. A tough, fast, entertaining film about a London gangster (the splendid Bob Hoskins) grappling with the IRA. The best British movie for some time.

Melvin & Howard. Fantasy about a putative meeting between the late Howard Hughes & a petrol pump attendant. Directed by Jonathan Demme with Paul Le Mat, Jason Robards, Mary Steenburgen, Michael J. Pollard & Jack Kehoe.

The Mirror Crack'd. Cosy Miss Marple mystery slackly transferred to the screen. Only Angela Lansbury & Edward Fox lend it a touch of class.

The Monster Club. Horror-comedy directed by Roy Ward Baker about members of a monster club. With Vincent Price, Donald Pleasance, Simon Ward, Anthony Valentine & Patrick

No Nukes. Excerpts from five concerts given in New York to raise money for nuclear disarmament. With Bruce Springsteen, Jackson Browne, James Taylor & Crosby, Stills & Nash.

Ordinary People. Robert Redford directs this film about strained family relationships. With Donald Sutherland & Mary Tyler Moore.

Phobia. Psychological thriller directed by John Huston, with Paul Michael Glaser & Susan Hogan.

Popeye. A busy, jolly, cluttered version of the famous strip-cartoon directed by Robert Altman in holiday humour with Robin Williams as the squinting hero.

The Postman Always Rings Twice. Drama based on the novel by James M. Cain about a married woman & her lover who plan to murder the woman's husband. Directed by Bob Rafelson with Jack Nicholson & Jessica Lange.

Private Benjamin. Comedy about a young widow who joins the Army. Directed by Howard Zieff, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Brennan, Armand Assante & Robert Webber.

Raging Bull. The story of boxer Jake LaMotta. Directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert de Niro in the title role.

Rock Show. A filmed concert by Paul McCartney

& his group Wings.

Rough Treatment. Polish film by Andrzej Wajda, sequel to Man of Marble.

Sphinx. Thriller set in Egypt about the search for the tomb of King Seti. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner with Lesley-Anne Down, Frank Langella & John Gielgud.

Stalker. Science fiction story directed by Andrei Tarkovsky about three men travelling through a forbidden zone after the fall of a meteorite.

Superman II. Our red-caped hero (Christopher Reeve) outwits a trio of villains from Krypton led by Terence Stamp. A spectacular bore.

Tess. A tame, smooth, even account of Hardy's novel directed by Roman Polanski. Nastassia Kinski is a beautiful Tess, but the film lacks any hint of passion or urgency.

Union City. Thriller set in America in the 1950s, directed by Mark Reichart. With Debbie Harry, Denis Lipsombe & Pat Benatar.

Made in London: an exploration of British cinema. Went the Day Well? June 2; Rome Express, June 4; Potiphar's Wife, June 9; The Wicked Lady, June 11; Love on the Dole, June 16; The Demi-Paradise, June 18; The Way Ahead, June 23; The Lucky Number, June 25; Love on Wheels, June 30; 6.10pm. Museum of London, London Wall, EC2.

Premières

The Competition. Romance about two former friends meeting again during a piano competition in America. Directed by Joel Oliansky with Richard Dreyfuss, Amy Irving & Lee Remick. Royal charity première in the presence of the

Queen & The Duke of Edinburgh in aid of the Missions to Seamen & the Variety Club of Great Britain. Columbia, Shaftesbury Ave, W1. June 8.

For Your Eyes Only. The latest James Bond film has him searching the Aegean for a sunken British government ship. Directed by John Glen with Roger Moore, Topol & Cassandra Harris. Royal world charity première in the presence of the Prince of Wales in aid of the NSPCC & the Royal Association for Disability & Rehabilitation. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2. June 24.

★ BALLET ★

MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COM-PANY, Sadier's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave,

With 13 works, including three London premières,

one world première. June 8-July 11.

DAVID GORDON & PICK UP COMPANY, Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6:

New works, June 9-14.

NUREYEV FESTIVAL, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

With London Festival Ballet, Giselle, June 15-20; The Sleeping Beauty, June 22-27.

With Boston Ballet, Swan Lake, new designs by Julia Trevelyan Oman, June 30-July 11.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET:

Sinfonietta, The Two Pigeons, Paquita, Checkmate, Elite Syncopations, Brouillards. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2. June 2-13.

The above plus Giselle, Papillon, The Taming of the Shrew, The Prodigal Son, Polonia, Les Sylphides, Day into Night. Big Top, Cambridge. June 15-July 4

STUTTGART BALLET, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

Lady of the Camellias, choreography Neumeier, music Chopin; Hedda Gabler, choreography Helliwell, music Skrowaczewski/Whisper Moon, choreography Forsythe & Manthey, music Bolcom/Sinfonia, choreography Kylian, music Britten; Swan Lake, choreography Cranko, music Tchaikovsky; Träume, choreography Spoerli, music Wagner/Return to the Strange Land, choreography Kylian, music Janacek/Presence, choreography Cranko, music Zimmermann. All London premières. June 1-13.

TWYLA THARP DANCE, Sadler's Wells

Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1: Three programmes, June 23-July 4.

LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE on tour:

Two programmes.

Theatre Royal, Newcastle. June 2-6.

Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham. June 16-20.
ALEXANDER ROY LONDON BALLET THEATRE on tour:

A Midsummer Night's Dream; A Smile at the Bottom of the Ladder/Coppélia/Soirée Musicale. Hexagon, Reading. June 8-10.

A Midsummer Night's Dream Festival Theatre, Malvern. June 11.

★ OPERA ★

ROYAL OPERA, Covent Garden, WC2

Luisa Miller, conductor Steinberg, with Bergonzi/Carreras as Rodolfo, Katia Ricciarelli as Luisa, Leo Nucci as Miller, Phyllis Cannan as Federica, Gwynne Howell as Walter, Richard Van Allan as Wurm. June 8, 11, 13, 16, 19, 22,

Madama Butterfly, conductor Gardelli, with Raina Kabaivanska as Cio-Cio-San, Dennis O'Neill as Pinkerton, Josephine Veasey as Suzuki, Leo Nucci/Delme Bryn-Jones as Sharpless. June 15, 18, 20, 25, 27,

Peter Grimes, conductor C. Davis, with Jon Vickers as Grimes, Heather Harper as Ellen Orford, Elizabeth Bainbridge as Auntie, Geraint Evans as Balstrode, Patricia Payne as Mrs Sedley, John Tomlinson as Hobson. June 23, 26, 30.

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA, Lewes, Sussex

Il barbiere di Siviglia, conductor Cambreling/Howarth, new production by John Cox, designed by William Dudley, with John Rawnsley as Figaro, Max-René Cosotti as Count Almaviva, Maria Ewing/Zehava Gal as Rosina. Claudio Desderi as Bartolo. June 1, 3, 5, 7, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28.

Le nozze di Figaro, conductor Inbal, with Alberto Rinaldi as Figaro, Norma Burrowes as Susanna, Richard Stilwell as Count Almaviva, Isobel Buchanan as the Countess, Faith Esham as Cherubino. June 2, 4, 6, 10, 13.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Haitink, new production by Peter Hall designed by John Bury, with Ileana Cotrubas as Tytania, James Bowman as Oberon, Ryland Davies as Lysander, Dale Duesing as Demetrius, Cynthia Buchan as Hermia, Felicity Lott as Helena, Curt Appelgren as Bottom, Damien Nash as Puck. June 21, 23, 25, 27.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA NORTH: Don Giovanni, The Barber of Seville, Der

Freischutz.

Grand Theatre, Leeds. June 8-20. New Theatre, Oxford. June 23-27. New Theatre, Hull. June 30-July 4.

SCOTTISH OPERA:

La traviata, Eugene Onegin, The Makropoulos

Playhouse, Edinburgh. June 2-6.

Eugene Onegin, La traviata. Opera House, Belfast. June 9-13. WELSH NATIONAL OPERA:

La traviata, The Barber of Seville.

Grand Theatre, Swansea. June 3-6.

Sherman Theatre, Cardiff. June 12-13.

The Barber of Seville, The Marriage of Figaro, Rigoletto, The Greek Passion.

Astra Theatre, Llandudno. June 19-27.

★ MUSIC ★

ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7:

New Symphony Orchestra, conductor Tausky; Colin Horsley, piano. Sibelius, Karelia Suite; Grieg, Piano Concerto; Rimsky-Korsakov, Scheherazade; Ravel, Bolero. June 7, 7.30pm.

English Baroque Orchestra & Choir, London Oriana Choir, Mill Hill Choral Society, conductor Lovett; Heather Harper, soprano; Caroline van Hemert, contralto; Philip Langridge, tenor; John Tomlinson, bass, Handel, Zadok the Priest, Music for the Royal Fireworks, The Arrival of the Queen of Sheba, The King Shall Rejoice; Mozart, Requiem. June 14, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Ozawa; Martha Argerich, piano. Gabrieli, Sonata Pianoforte; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 3: Berlioz, Symphonie fantastique. June 18, 7.30pm. London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Batiz; Yuri Bralinsky, violin; Daniel Adni, piano. Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto; Grieg, Piano Concerto; de Falla, Dances from The Three-Cornered Hat. June 21, 7.30pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, Band of the Welsh Guards, conductor Ridley; Andrew Haig, piano. Tchaikovsky evening. June 28, 7.30pm.

KENWOOD LAKESIDE, Hampstead Lane, NW3:

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Hughes. Elgar, Enigma Variations; Dvorák, Slavonic Dance Op 46 No 8; Chabrier, España; Ibert, Divertissement; Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture with special effects. June 6, 8pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Groves. Mendelssohn, Nocturne & Wedding March from A Midsummer Night's Dream; Bizet, L'Arlésienne; Wagner, Siegfried's Rhine Journey; Schumann, Symphony No 4. June 13, 8pm.

Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, conductor Schwarz; Howard Shelley, piano. Tchaikovsky, Piano Concerto No 1; Brahms, Symphony No 1. June 20, 8pm.

London Mozart Orchestra, conductor Blech; Alan Civil, horn. Schubert, Symphony No 8 (Unfinished); Mozart, Horn Concerto No 3; Beethoven, Symphony No 7. June 27, 8pm.

SOUTH BANK, SE1:

(FH=Festival Hall, EH=Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR=Purcell Room)

Orchestra of St John's Smith Square, conductor Lubbock; Iona Brown, violin. Beethoven, Violin Concerto; Mozart, Divertimento in B flat K137, Symphony No 35 (Haffner). June 1, 7.45pm. EH. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Dorati; Elisabeth Söderström, soprano. Schubert, Three arias from Alfonso und Estrella, Symphony No 9 (Great). June 2, 8pm. FH.

English Baroque Orchestra & Choir, conductor Lovett; Fiona Dobie, soprano; Margaret Cable, contralto; William Kendall, tenor; Brian Rayner Cook, bass. Vivaldi, Gloria, Summer (The Four Seasons); Haydn, Nelson Mass. June 3, 7.45pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Weller: Claudio Arrau, piano. Smetana, Sarka (Ma Vlast); Schumann, Piano Concerto; Bruckner, Symphony No 4 (Romantic). June 4, 8pm. FH. Thames Chamber Orchestra, conductor Tear;

Richard Dobson, flute; Michael Dobson, oboe; Daphne Down, clarinet; Deirdre Dundas-Grant, bassoon; Richard Bissill, horn. Salieri, Sinfonia in D (Veneziana), Concerto in C for flute & oboe: Mozart, Sinfonia Concertante for oboe, clarinet, bassoon & horn, Symphony No 36 (Linz). June 5, 7.45pm. EH.

Collegium Musicum of London Orchestra & Choir, conductor Heltay; Wendy Eathorne, Philippa Dames-Longworth, sopranos; Christopher Robson, counter-tenor; Christopher Gillett, tenor; John Hancorn, bass. Handel, Deborah. June 6, 7.45pm. EH.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Weller; Claudio Arrau, piano. Weber, Konzertstück; Strauss, Burleske; Bruckner, Symphony No 4 (Romantic). June 7, 7.30pm. FH.

Amadeus Quartet. Beethoven, Quartets in B flat Op 18 No 6, in F Op 135, in C Op 59 No 3. June

7, 3pm. EH.

New Symphony Orchestra, conductor Josefowitz; Bernard Roberts, piano. Beethoven, Symphony No 2, Piano Concertos Nos 2 & 4. June 8, 7,45pm, EH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Böhm. Mozart, Symphony No 34; Brahms, Symphony No 2. June 9, 8pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Joo; Ilan Rogoff, piano. Sibelius, Finlandia; Rachmani-nov, Piano Concerto No 2; Dvorák, Symphony No 9 (From the New World). June 10, 8pm. FH. London Mozart Players, Paul Tortelier, conductor & cello. Bach, Suites Nos 1 & 3, Cello Suite No 3; C.P.E. Bach, Cello Concerto in A. June 10, 7.45pm. EH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, London Choral Society, conductor Rattle; Helen Field, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Philip Langridge, tenor. Elgar, The Music Makers; Mahler, Das klagende Lied. June 11, 8pm. FH.

The Hilliard Ensemble & Friends. A celebration of the art of David Munrow. Brumel, Gombert, Mouton, des Préz, del Encina, de Morales. June 11, 7,45pm, EH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Previn; Cristina Ortiz, piano. Ravel, Valses nobles et sentimentales, Piano Concerto in G, Ma mère l'oye, La valse. June 14, 7.30pm. FH.

John Vallier, piano. Chopin. June 14, 3pm. EH. Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Ozawa; Martha Argerich, piano. Prokofiev, Piano Con-

certo No 3; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 6 (Pathétique). June 16, 8pm. FH.

London Bach Orchestra, Camden Choir, conductor Williamson; Lesley Garrett, soprano; Martyn Hill, tenor; John Noble, bass; Barbara Hill, harpsichord continuo. Haydn, The Creation. June 16, 7.45pm. EH.

London Mozart Players, Brighton Festival Chorus, conductor Heltay; Mary MacSweeney, soprano; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Catherine Denley, alto; Robin Leggate, tenor; Matthias Hölle, bass. Mahler, Blumine, Kindertotenlieder; Mozart, Requiem K626. June 17, 8pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Previn; Yo Yo Ma, cello. Ravel, Rhapsodie espagnole; Shostakovich, Cello Concerto No 1; Strauss, Ein Heldenleben. June 18, 8pm. FH.

English Baroque Orchestra, London Oriana Choir, conductor Lovett; Eiddwen Harrhy, soprano; Margaret Cable, contralto; William Kendall, tenor; Stephen Roberts, bass. Bach, Mass in B minor. June 20, 7.45pm. EH.

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Ozawa; Sheila Armstrong, Jessye Norman, sopranos. Mahler, Symphony No 2 (Resurrection). June 21, 7.30pm. FH.

London Sinfonietta, conductor Chailly; György Pauk, violin; Gillian Weir, organ. Chailly, Newton Variations; Hindemith, Kammermusik IV, VII; Weill, Kleine Dreigroschenmusik. June 21, 7.15pm. EH.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Chung; Itzhak Perlman, violin. Tchaikovsky, Violin Concerto; Shostakovich, Symphony No 6. June 22, 8pm. FH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Ozawa; Yo Yo Ma, cello. Dvorák, Cello Concerto; Strauss. Also sprach Zarathustra. June 23, 8pm. FH.

Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. Beethoven, Sonatas in A flat Op 110, in C minor Op 111; Chopin, Two Nocturnes Op 27, Sonata in B minor Op 58. June 24, 8pm, FH.

English Chamber Orchestra & Wind Ensemble; Murray Perahia, director & piano. Mozart, Wind Serenade in E flat K375, Piano Concertos in F K459, in C K503. June 24, 7.45pm. EH.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Previn; Itzhak Perlman, violin. conductor Previn; Itzhak Perlman, violin. Brahms, Violin Concerto; Ravel, Daphnis et Chloë. June 25, 8pm. FH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Handley; John Lill, piano. Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 3; Elgar, Enigma Variations. June 26, 8pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Giulini; Katia Ricciarelli, soprano; Brigitte Fassbaender, mezzo-soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Simon Estes, bass. Verdi, Requiem. June 28, 7.30pm; June 29, 8pm. FH.

Peter Frankl, piano. Mozart, Fantasia in C minor K475, Sonatas in A minor K310, in D K576; Chopin, Three Impromptus Ops 29, 36, 51, Sonata in B flat minor Op 35. June 28, 3pm. EH. New Symphony Orchestra, conductor Josefowitz; Bernard Roberts, piano. Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 5 (Emperor), Symphony No 4. June 30, 7.45pm. EH.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:

Ernst Haefliger, tenor; Roger Vignoles, fortepiano. Schubert, Die Winterreise. June 2,

David Roblou, harpsichord & fortepiano. Bach, Italian Concerto; Mozart, Suite in C; Haydn, Sonata No 62; Beethoven, Sonata in C minor (Pathétique). June 4, 7,30pm.

Gabrieli String Quartet; Kenneth Essex, viola. Beethoven, Quintet in C Op 29; Mozart, Quintet in G minor K516; Dvorák, Quintet in E flat Op 97. June 6, 7.30pm.

Elisabeth Söderström, soprano; Martin Isepp, piano. Bartók, Village Scenes; Grieg, Sibelius, Kilpinen, Songs. June 9, 7.30pm.

Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. Bach, Prelude, Fugue & Allegro in E flat BWV998, French Suite No 5 BWV816, Chromatic Fantasia & Fugue in D minor BWV903. June 11, 7.30pm.

Aeolian String Quartet. Haydn, Quartet in A Op 9 No 6; Debussy, Quartet in G minor Op 10; Beethoven, Quartet in A minor Op 132. June 13,

Elizabeth Harwood, soprano; Geoffrey Parsons, piano. Haydn, Mozart, Marx, R. Strauss, Nin, Delius, Songs; Handel, Haydn, Arias. June 16, 7.30pm.

Medici String Quartet, Alexander Ensemble, conductor Friend, Gary Kettel, percussion. Fraser, Sonata 1, Three, String Quartets 1967 & 1980. June 17, 7.30pm.

Niel Immelman, piano. Haydn, Sonata in F Hob XVI:23; Liszt, Nuages gris, En rêve, Gondole lugubre; Chopin/Liszt, Two Polish Songs; Mussorgsky, Pictures from an Exhibition. June 24, 7.30pm.

Christopher Axworthy, Mirta Herrera, piano duet. Schubert, Duo in A minor D947 (Lebensstürme), Fantasia in F minor D940; Brahms, Variations on a theme by Schumann Op 23; Ravel, Ma mère l'oye. June 28, 3.30pm.

Sena Jurinae, soprano; Geoffrey Parsons, piano. Schubert, Mendelssohn, Webern, Brahms, Reger, R. Strauss, Songs; Purcell, Handel, Arias. June

★ FESTIVALS ★

Bath Festival, Avon. May 22-June 7. Richmond Festival, Surrey. May 29-June 21. Christchurch Spitalfields Festival of Music, E1.

Nottingham Festival. May 30-June 14. Cambridge Poetry Festival. June 5-10. Leicester Arts Festival. June 8-20.

Aldeburgh Festival, Suffolk. June 12-28. Robert Burns Festival, various venues throughout Scotland. June 13-21.

Greenwich Festival, SE10. June 13-28. Ludlow Summer Festival, Salop. June 27-July 12.

★ EXHIBITIONS ★

"... Adventure to those faire plantations." The life of Capt John Smith, 17th-century explorer & adventurer & close friend of the John Tradescants. St Mary-at-Lambeth, Lambeth Rd, SE1. June

24-July 26, daily 11am-6pm. 50p.

"All Stations". Journey through 150 years of railway stations. Science Museum, Exhibition Road, SW7. Until Sept 27, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Animals in Persian, Turkish & Mughal art. MSS, miniatures & paintings from 16th & 17th centuries. British Library, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1. Until Sept 2, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Artists of today & tomorrow. Mixed show of paintings & drawings by 20 artists. New Grafton Gallery, 42 Old Bond St, W1. June 24-July 15, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm.

Asante, kingdom of gold. Silks, carvings, gold regalia & jewelry from 19th-century Ghana.

Museum of Mankind, Burlington Gdns, W1. Until 1982, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Robert Bevan. Works on paper. Anthony d'Offay, 9 Dering St, WI. June 6-mid-July. Mon-Fri

10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

Billboard Art. The world of Madison Avenue in photographs by Robert Landau. National Theatre foyers, South Bank, SE1. Until June 13, Mon-Sat 10am-11pm.

George Borrow, exhibition to mark the centenary of his death. British Library, British Museum. Until June 28.

Canaletto, paintings, drawings & etchings from the Royal Collection. Queen's Gallery, Bucking-ham Palace, SW1. Until end 1981, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. 75p. Open May 25.

The Chalon brothers, landscape, the theatre & caricature in the works of 19th-century artists Alfred-Edouard & John James Chalon, Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7. May 28-Oct 4, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-

Lucienne Day, silk mosaic wall-hangings. Na-

tional Theatre foyers. June 22-July 18.

Design & Disability, products available for the disabled. Design Centre, Haymarket, SW1. Until June 20, Mon-Sat 9.30am-5.30pm, Weds, Thurs until 9pm. May 22, 25, 2.30-6.30pm.

Design for Dance, including works by Bakst, Benois, Erté, Beaton, Knight, Rutherston & Tchelitchew. Charles Spencer Theatre Gallery, 82 York St, Seymour Pl, W1. Until June 5, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Thurs until 1pm. Closed May 25.

Cherryl Fountain & Margaret Neve, paintings. New Grafton Gallery. June 4-19.

Elisabeth Frink, recent sculpture. Waddington Galleries II, 34 Cork St, W1. June 3-27, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

The Gauls. Major exhibition of Celtic antiquities from France. British Museum, Gt Russell St, WCI. Until Sept 13, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Anthony Gross, etchings 1960-80. Blond Fine Art, 33 Sackville St, W1. Until June 6, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed May 25.

Hooking, drifting & trawling: five centuries of the fishing industry. National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, SE10. Until Apr 1982, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-5.30pm.

Hesketh Hubbard Drawing Society. Mall Galleries, The Mall, SW1. June 16-29, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 1pm. 20p.

Timothy Hyman, recent paintings. Blond Fine Art. Until June 6.

The Imperial Collection. Over 180 items in replica of royal & imperial jewels from 15 countries on new permanent display. Central Hall Westminster, SWI. Mon-Sat 10am-7pm. £1.60. Italian baroque paintings, including works by da Varallo, Procaccini, Serodine, Gentileschi, Ribera & Recco. Matthiesen Fine Art, 7/8 Mason's Yard, SW1. June 19-end July, Mon-Fri 10am-

Phillip King, 25 sculptures. Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1. Until June 14, Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri, Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £1.50 (also admits to Raymond Moore exhibi-

Landscape: the printmaker's view. 20th-century printmaking & the European landscape tradition. Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1. Until end July, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Mind & Body 81. 6th annual exhibition of alternative living. Olympia, Hammersmith Rd, W14. June 20-28, Mon-Fri 11am-9pm, Sat, Sun until 7pm. £2.30.

Raymond Moore, photography retrospective. Hayward Gallery. Until June 14. £1.50 (also admits to Phillip King exhibition).

Nature Stored, Nature Studied: collection, curation & research. Centenary exhibition showing the growth of the Museum's collections. Natural History Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7. Until end 1981, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Victor Newsome, drawings & paintings. Anne Berthoud Gallery, 1 Langley Ct, WC2. Until June 12, Mon-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat until 2pm. Closed May 25.

Old & modern masters of photography. Arts Council touring exhibition of photographs from the 1840s to the present including work by Kertesz, Brandt, Cartier-Bresson, Beaton & McCullin. Victoria & Albert Museum. May 28-

Portraits of Today. Contemporary portraits recently acquired by the gallery including paintings by Suzi Malin, Bryan Organ, Graham Sutherland, Andy Warhol. National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Pl, WC2. Until Aug 23, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Mary Potter, 50 years of painting. Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gdns, W2. May 23-June 28, daily 10am-6pm.

Preservation for Pleasure, the work of the Land-



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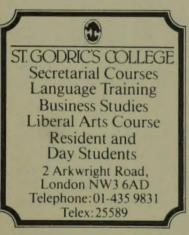
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mark Trust. RIBA Heinz Gallery, 21 Portman Sq, W1. Until June 13, Mon-Fri 11am-5pm, Sat 10am-1pm. Closed May 25.

Princely paintings from Mughal India, 16th- & 17th-century miniatures depicting life at the Mughal Court. British Museum. Until Sept 20.

Robert Rauschenberg, paintings, drawings & "combines" from 1949 to the present. Tate Gallery. Until June 14. £1.

Erik Roos, drawings. Anne Berthoud Gallery. June 16-July 12.

RCA Degree Show. Work by students of the College. Royal College of Art, Kensington Gore, SW7. June 12-21, Mon-Fri 10am-7pm, Sat, Sun until 6pm.

A Royal Engagement, 40 colour photographs of the Prince of Wales from 1953 to the present. Kodak Photographic Gallery, 246 High Holborn, WCI. Until end June, Mon-Fri 9am-4.45pm. Closed May 25.

Royal Society of British Artists, contemporary styles & developments in painting & printmaking. Mall Galleries. June 18-30, daily 10am-5pm. 50p. Royal Society of Portrait Painters, annual exhibition. Mall Galleries. May 20-June 10, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, 50p, Closed May 25,

Royal Westminster, paintings, sculpture, archaeological relics, illuminated MSS, gold & silver objects illustrating 1,000 years of history since the granting of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors royal charter. RICS House, Parliament Sq, SW1. May 21-Aug 31, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sun noon-6pm. £1.80.

Sir Gordon Russell 1892-1980. Furniture by Russell & the company he founded. Design Centre. Until July 4.

Christopher Saxton & Tudor map-making. Major exhibition of the work of the Yorkshire surveyor who produced the first atlas of England & Wales in 1579, contrasted with work of earlier & contemporary surveyors. British Library, British Museum. Until Dec.

Seeing the Invisible. 50 years of electronmicroscopy. Science Museum. Until Oct 4.

Spotlight: four centuries of ballet costume in tribute to the Royal Ballet, a major exhibition presented by the Theatre Museum. Victoria & Albert Museum. Until July 26. £1.50 (Sat 50p).

William Strang 1859-1921. Exhibition in association with the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield, of paintings & etchings by the 19th-century realist. National Portrait Gallery. Until June 28.

Studio Glass: jugs & plates. British Crafts Centre, 43 Earlham St, WC2. June 12-July 18, Tues-Fri

10am-5.30pm, Sat until 4pm.
Summer Exhibition. Royal Academy, Piccadilly, W1. Until Aug 16. £1.80 (Sun until 1.45pm £1.20). Closed June 23, 24.

Summer exhibition of post-Impressionist & Vic-torian paintings. Roy Miles Gallery, 6 Duke St, SW1. Until June 12, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10.30am-1pm. Closed May 25.

Treasures for the nation. Friends of the National Libraries jubilee exhibition including books, bookbindings, MSS. British Library, British Museum. May 22-Sept 27.

Turner & the sublime. Works from the Turner Bequest & loans from North America tracing the artist's awareness of nature & the universe & man's role in the created world. British Museum.

Keith Vaughan. "Images of Man", figurative paintings 1946-60. *Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Rd, E2*. Until June 28, Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun

Rodolfo Vedoya. Land & seascapes by Argentinian artist. Hamilton's, 13 Carlos Pl, W1. May 21-June 6, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Closed May

Robin Welch, solus exhibition. Craftsmen Potters' Shop, Marshall St, W1. June 9-20, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10.30am-5pm.

Antiques fairs

Fine Art & Antiques Fair. Olympia, W14. June 4-13. Closed June 7

Antiquarian Book Fair, Europa Hotel, Grosvenor Sq, W1. June 9-11.

★ SALEROOMS ★

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month:

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7: Silver, June 2, 16, 30, 11am. Pictures. June 4, 18, 25, 11am. European furniture. June 4, 18, 25, 2.30pm.

Wines. June 9, 11am. Modern paintings. June 11, 2.30pm. Ceramics, June 12, 19, 11am. Watercolours. June 17, 11am. Clocks & watches. June 19, 11am. Jewelry, June 26, 11am.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON, 85 Old

Costumes, textiles & fans. June 2, 9, 16, 30, 2pm. Mechanical music, June 4, 2pm

Natural history & sporting trophies. June 6, 2pm. Dolls. June 12, 19, 2pm.

Wines. June 16, 11am.

Motoring art & literature. June 16, 2pm. 19th- & 20th-century photographs. June 18, 10.30am & 2pm

Art Nouveau & Art Deco, June 19, 10,30am. Toys, June 25, 2pm.

Cigarette cards, postcards, Baxter prints, Stevengraphs & printed ephemera. June 26, 2pm.

Aeronautical & nautical art & literature. June 30,

PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St. W1:

Furniture, carpets & objects. June 1, 8, 15, 22, 29,

Old Master paintings. June 1, 2pm.

Furniture, carpets & works of art. June 2, 9, 16, 23 30 11am

Jewelry. June 2, 16, 30, 1.30pm.

Oriental ceramics & works of art. June 3, 17,

Toys & models. June 3, noon.

Stamps. June 4, 11, 18, 25, 11am. Costumes, lace & textiles. June 4, 11am. Silver & plate. June 5, 12, 19, 26, 11am.

Watercolours. June 8, 29, 11am. Prints. June 8, 2pm.

Clocks & watches, June 9, 2pm.

English & Continental ceramics & glass. June 10, 24, 11am

Books, MSS & maps. June 11, 1.30pm. Modern British oils. June 15, 11am. Dolls & dolls' houses. June 17, noon. Musical instruments. June 18, 11am.

Oil paintings. June 22, 2pm.

Pewter & metalware. June 23, noon. Ethnographical items & antiquities. June 23, 2pm.

Photographia. June 24, noon.

SOTHEBY'S, 34/35 New Bond St, W1:

Japanese netsuke, inro, lacquer & ceramics. June 1, 11am & 2.30pm.

Natural history & colour plate books. June 1, 2,

Swords & sword fittings. June 2, 11am. Japanese prints, paintings, illustrated books & eens. June 3, 11am.

Old Master paintings. June 3, 11am.

Ballet material from the John Carr Doughty collection. June 4, 10.30am & 2.30pm.

Silver & plate. June 4, 18, 11am.

Chinese decorative arts. June 5, 11am. Chinese snuffbottles. June 9, 10.30am.

Books & MSS in aid of The Friends of the National Libraries, June 9, 9,30pm.

Wines & port, June 10, 11am.

British Impressionist, post-Impressionist & modern paintings & drawings. June 10, 11am. Watches, clocks & scientific instruments. June 11, llam.

Musical instruments. June 12, 10am. Icons. June 15, 2.30pm.

The Hardman collection of medical books. June

Arms & armour. June 16, 11am.

English pottery, porcelain & enamels. June 16, 11am.

17th-, 18th- & 19th-century British paintings. June

European historical medals. June 17, 10am &

2.30pm

Jewels, June 18, 10,30am

English prints. June 19, 10.30am & 2.30pm. English furniture. June 19, 11am.

Portrait miniatures. June 22, 11am. Chinese export porcelain. June 23, 11am &

2 30mm Western illuminated MSS, June 23, 11am.

Primitive art. June 23, 11am & 2.30pm. 19th-century European paintings & drawings. June 24, 11am & 2.30pm.

Continental furniture. June 26, 11am.

Continental pottery & porcelain. June 30, 11am. SOTHEBY'S BELGRAVIA, 19 Motcomb St,

Victorian paintings, drawings & watercolours. June 2, 9, 23, 11am.

Costumes & textiles 1500-1960. June 10, 11am & 2.30nm

Oriental works of art. June 11, 11am. Art pottery & studio ceramics, June 18, 11am. Cameras, viewers & optical amusements. June 26,



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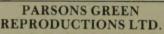
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★ LECTURES ★

BRITISH LIBRARY, British Museum, Gt Russell St. WC1:

Animals in Persian, Turkish & Mughal art, B. Brend. June 5, 12, 19, 26, noon.

Treasures of illumination: Gothic manuscript illumination & the international style, June 6, 27; Treasures of English book painting, June 13; From Charlemagne to the Gothic court (medieval European painting before the Gothic style), June

MUSEUM OF LONDON, London Wall, EC2: Shakespeare & London: Henry V—an introduction to the film with excerpts, C. Sorensen, June 3; "Garrick & Shakespeare like twin stars shall shine", I. Mackintosh, June 10; Music of Shakespeare's theatre, Students of the Guildhall School of Music & Drama, June 17; 19th-century production of A Midsummer Night's Dream, G. Ashton, June 24: 1.10pm.

Landmarks in London's architecture: St Martinin-the-Fields & James Gibbs, F. Kelsall, June 5; Chiswick Villa-William Kent & Lord Burlington, J. Wilton-Ely, June 12; Osterley Park & Robert Adam, J. Hardy, June 19; St Katharine Dock & Thomas Telford, M. Tucker, June 26; 1.10pm

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, St Martin's Pl, WC2:

William Strang & the decorative image, P. Skipwith. June 6, 3.30pm.

Hogarth's portraits, A. Cox. June 9, 1pm.

David Garrick & his circle, Dr W. Nelson-Cave. June 20, 3.30pm; June 23, 1pm.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, John Adam St,

The education service in the 1980s, J. Tomlinson. June 3, 6pm.

Introduction to the Society's history, D. Allan. June 15, 6pm.

Admission by ticket free in advance from the

SCIENCE MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7: Hand & machine tools, A. Wilson. June 2, 1pm.

Electric power, J. Stevenson, June 4, 1pm. The chemist in the kitchen, A. Tulley. June 6, 3pm. Optics, A. Wilson. June 11, 1pm.

The shrinking computer, J. Stevenson. June 13,

Bridges, A. Tulley. June 16, 1pm. Floating on air, A. Tulley. June 20, 3pm.



ATHI FTICS

England v USA v Ethiopia v Belgium (men's track & invitation field events), Crystal Palace, SE19. June 3.

England v Scotland v Italy v Ethiopia (men's track & invitation field events), Gateshead, Tyne & Wear June 7

Great Britain & Northern Ireland v W Germany v Poland (men's & women's track & field events). Crystal Palace. June 23, 24.

Great Britain & Northern Ireland v Spain v France (men's & juniors' walks), Coventry, W Midlands. June 28.

CRICKET

Championship, (JP)=John (SC)=Schweppes Player League, (HP)=Holt Products Trophy.

England v Australia, Prudential Trophy one-day internationals: Lord's, June 4; Edgbaston, June 6; Headingley, June 8.

England v Australia, First Cornhill Test Match, Trent Bridge. June 18-22.

Middx v Australians (HP), Lord's. June 13-15. Oxford v Cambridge, Lord's. June 20, 22, 23.

Benson & Hedges Cup quarter finals. June 24. Lord's: Middx v Somerset (JP), June 7; v Leics (JP), June 21.

The Oval: Surrey v Worcs (SC), June 10-12; v Northants (JP), June 14; v Lancs (SC), June 17-19; v Northants (SC), June 27, 29, 30.

CROOUET

Inter-counties, Hurlingham, SW6. June 2-5. Pimm's International: Wales v England, Cheltenham, Glos, June 6; England v Scotland, Compton, Nr Eastbourne, E Sussex, June 13.

Men's & Women's Championships, Cheltenham.

CYCLING

Milk Race, start Brighton, E Sussex, May 24; finish Blackpool, Lancs, June 6.

National Professional Road Racing Championship, Daventry, Northants. June 21.

Women's National Road Race Championship, Holcombe, Manchester, June 21.

International week, Isle of Man. June 21-26.

Tour de France, start Nice, June 25; finish Paris,

FOUESTRIANISM

Royal Bath & West Show, Shepton Mallet, Somerset. June 3-6.

Royal Cornwall Show, Wadebridge. June 11-13. South of England Show, Ardingly, W Sussex. June 11-13.

Essex County Show, Chelmsford. June 12, 13. Benson & Hedges Showjumping Championships, Cardiff Castle, Cardiff. June 19-21.

Royal Highland Show, Edinburgh, June 22-25. Wales & West Show, Newport, Gwent. June 26-

FENCING

Epèe Team Championship, de Beaumont Centre, 83 Perham Rd, W14. June 13, 14.

British Amateur Cup, St Andrew's, Fife. June 1-6. Ladies' British Open Amateur Championship, Conwy, Gwynedd. June 2-6.

Cold Shield Greater Manchester Open, Wilmslow, Cheshire, June 11-14.

Berkshire Trophy, The Berkshire, Ascot. June 13,

Jersey Open, La Moye, Jersey, Cl. June 18-21. European Amateur Team Championship, St Andrew's. June 22-28.

Coral Classic, Royal Porthcawl, Mid-Glamorgan.

GYMNASTICS

Daily Mirror USSR Scholarship final. Crystal Palace Tune 7

HORSE RACING The Derby Stakes, Epsom. June 3.

Coronation Cup, Epsom. June 4. Oaks Stakes, Epsom, June 6.

French Derby, Chantilly, France. June 7.

St James's Palace Stakes, Ascot. June 16.

Coronation Stakes & Royal Hunt Cup, Ascot. June 17.

Gold Cup & King Edward VII Stakes, Ascot.

Hardwicke Stakes & King's Stand Stakes, Ascot.

Coral Northumberland Plate, Newcastle, June 27. Irish Derby, Curragh, Eire. June 27. MOTORCYCLE RACING

International TT Races, Isle of Man. June 6, 8, 10,

POLO

Royal Windsor Cup, Windsor, Berks. June 11-21. International Trial, Windsor. June 14.

French Championships, Paris. May 25-June 7. Stella Artois Grass Court Championships, Queen's Club, Palliser Rd, W14. June 8-13.

The Lawn Tennis Championships, All-England LTC, Wimbledon, SW19. June 22-July 4. YACHTING

Observer Transatlantic Yacht Race, start Plymouth, Devon. June 6.

Weymouth Olympic Week, Dorset. June 6-12.

★ ROYAL EVENTS ★

The Prince of Wales, President of the Elgar Statue Appeal, unveils a statue & attends a concert. Worcester, June 2.

The Prince of Wales, Patron of the International Year of Disabled People, visits the Worcester College for the Blind. *Worcester*. June 3.

The Prince of Wales opens the City Museum & Art Gallery. Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. June

Princess Margaret attends a luncheon given by the Friends of Covent Garden to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the Royal Ballet. Savoy Hotel, Strand, WC2. June 4.

The Queen, as Visitor, visits the University of Nottingham to mark its Centenary. Nottingham. June 5

The Prince of Wales, Patron of the International Year of Disabled People, opens the National Car Rally for Disabled People. Silverstone, Northants.

The Prince of Wales opens the Royal Mail House & visits the British Wool Textile Industry. Bradford, W Yorks. June 10.

Princess Margaret, as President of the Invalid Children's Aid Association, attends the Westminster Ball in aid of the Association & the Children's Aid Greater London Fund for the Blind. Hilton Hotel, Park Lane, W1. June 10.

The Queen opens the National Westminster Tower. Old Broad St, EC2. June 11.

The Queen takes the Salute at the Queen's Birthday Parade, Horse Guards' Parade & at a fly-past of Royal Air Force aircraft from the balcony, Buckingham Palace, SWI. June 13. The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend a Service for the Order of the Garter. St George's Chapel, Windsor, Berks. June 15.

The Prince of Wales, Patron, International Year of Disabled People, opens the Annual Regional Games for the Mentally Handicapped. Alexander Stadium, Perry Barr, Birmingham. June 24.

The Prince of Wales opens the new Magistrates' Court. Solihull, West Midlands. June 24.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend a Reception given by the Leonard Cheshire Foundation on the occasion of the Cheshire Homes International Week. Tara Hotel, Wrights Lane, W8. June 25.

Princess Anne, President of the Save the Children Fund, presents the Princess Anne Awards & attends the inauguration of the Welsh Council. Cardiff Castle, Cardiff. June 27.

Princess Anne attends a Service of Thanksgiving to mark the 125th Anniversary of The Missions to Seamen. Westminster Abbey, SW1. June 30.

★OTHER EVENTS★

Well dressing: Tissington, Nr Ashbourne, May 28-June 3; Ashford-in-the-Water, Nr Bakewell, June 13-21; Tideswell, Nr Buxton, Derbys, June 20-28.

Beating the Retreat: Household Division, June 2-4: Irish Guards, June 8: Queen's Division, June 9-11; Horse Guards' Parade, SW1.

Flying Evening, Shuttleworth Collection, Old Warden Aerodrome, Biggleswade, Beds. June 6. Festival of Flowers, Westminster Abbey, SW1. June 10-12.

RHS Early Summer Show, RHS New Hall, Greycoat St, SW1. June 16, 17.

Military Musical Pageant, Wembley Stadium, Wembley, Middx. June 27, 28.

Sporting Flying Scene, Shuttleworth Collection. June 28.

★ GARDENS ★

BEDFORDSHIRE

Odell Castle (Rt Hon Lord Luke), Nr Bedford. June 14, 2-7pm.

Westfields (Mr E. F. Davison), Oakley, Nr Bedford. June 28, 2-7pm.

BERKSHIRE

Donnington Castle House (Mr Dennis Watts), Donnington, Nr Newbury. June 7, 2-6pm.

Mortimer Gardens: Starvehill House (Lady Mowbray), Ashley (Mrs Booth), Lockram House (Mr & Mrs Sherman), Coin Rise (Mr & Mrs John Holland), Nr Reading. June 14, 2-6pm.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Ascott (Mr E. de Rothschild & the National Trust), Wing, Nr Leighton Buzzard. June 21, 28, 2-6pm.

Dorneywood Garden (National Trust), Nr Burn-

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Egerton House (Major Sir Reginald & Hon Lady Macdonald-Buchanan), Nr Newmarket. June 14,

83 High Street (Dr Ruth Chippindale), Harlton, Nr Cambridge. June 7, 2-6pm.

CHESHIRE

Bell Cottage (Mr J. W. Ellis and Mr G. K. Armitstead), Vale Royal Abbey, Whitegate, Northwich, June 20, 21, 2-7pm. Also by appointment.

Eyarth House (Mr & Mrs J. T. Fleming), Nr Ruthin. June 6, 2.30-6pm.

The Old Rectory (Mr & Mrs T. C. Stewart Cox), Llangynhafal, Nr Denbigh. June 14, 2-6pm. CORNWALL

Trebartha (Latham family), North Hill, Nr Launceston. June 7, 2-6pm.

CUMBRIA

Birket Houses (Mr Myles A. Cave-Browne-Cave), Winster, Nr Windermere. June 7, 2-6pm. Halecat (Mr & Mrs M. C. Stanley), Witherslack.

Nr Kendal. June 27, 2-7pm.

DERBYSHIRE

210 Nottingham Road (Mr & Mrs R. Brown), Woodlinkin, Langley Mill, Nr Nottingham. June 28, 2,30-6pm.

Shirley House (Sir Francis & Lady Ley), Shirley, Nr Ashbourne. June 14, 21, 28. 11am-7pm.

Burrow Farm Garden (Mr & Mrs John Benger), Dalwood, Nr Axminster. Daily, 2-7pm.

The Garden House (Mr & Mrs L. S. Fortescue & the Fortescue Garden Trust), Buckland Monachoram, Yelverton. Wed, Fri, 3-7pm. Also by appointment.

Abbotsbury Gardens (Strangeways Estate),

Abbotsbury, Nr Weymouth. Daily, 10am-5.30pm. DURHAM

Raby Castle (Rt Hon Lord Barnard), Staindrop, Nr Darlington. Wed, Sat, until June 28, 1-5.30pm. Last admission 4.30pm.

Liancefn Mill (Mr & Mrs Donald Macdonald), Clynderwen, Nr Narberth. June 7, 2-7pm.

Le Pavillon (Mr H. A. J. Butler), Newport, June

21, 2-7pm GLAMORGANSHIRE

Coedarhydyglyn (Sir Cennydd & Lady Traherne), Nr Cardiff. June 7, 2.30-6.30pm.

Llandaff Gardens: The Clock House (Prof & Mrs Bryan Hibbard), Llys Esgob (Rt Rev The Bishop of Llandaff), Penpentre (Dr & Mrs Michael Richards), St Michael's Theological College (The Rev Canon John Hughes), Cathedral School (Mr George Hill), Nr Cardiff. June 14, 2-6pm.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Alderley Grange (Mr Guy & Hon Mrs Acloque), Alderley, Nr Wotton-under-Edge. June 21, 2-6pm. Bell's Castle (Lady Holland-Martin), Kemerton, Nr Tewkesbury. June 14, 2-6pm.

The Chestnuts (Mr & Mrs E. H. Gwynn), Minchinhampton, Nr Nailsworth. June 7, 2-6pm.

The Chain Garden (Mr & Mrs C. F. R. Price), Chapel Rd, Nr Abergavenny. June 7, 9, 2-7pm. GWYNEDD

Tir Ucha (Mr & Mrs Peter Barrett), Lon Ednyfed, Criccieth. June 24, 2-6pm.

HAMPSHIRE

Brook House (Mr & Mrs Carron Greig), Nr Fleet. June 21, 2-6pm.

Furzey Gardens (Mr H. J. Cole & Mrs M. A. Selwood), Minstead, Nr Southampton. Daily,

HEREFORDSHIRE. Birtsmorton Court (Mr N. G. K. Dawes), Nr

Ledbury, June 7, 2-6pm. HERTFORDSHIRE Mackerye End (Mr & Mrs Douglas Cory-

Wright), Nr Harpenden. June 21, 2-6.30pm. Northchurch Farm (Mr & Mrs J. R. Fonnereau), Ashridge, Nr Berkhamsted, June 7, 2-7pm.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Tyne Hall (Mr & Mrs D. F. Peel), Love Lane, Bembridge. June 14, 2-5.30p.m. KENT Hartlip Place (Lt Col & Mrs. J. R. Yerburgh),

Hartlip, Nr Sittingbourne. June 17, 21, 2-6pm.
The Old Parsonage (Dr & Mrs Richard Perks), Sutton Valence, Nr Maidstone. June 14, 20.

LONDON

15 Chepstow Villas (Mr W. J. Hopper), Notting Hill Gate, W11. June 14, 21, 2-7pm. NORFOLK

Tudor Lodgings (Lady Evershed), Castleacre, Nr Swaffham. June 14, 21, 2-5.30pm.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

Edgcote (Mr Edward Courage), Nr Banbury. June 7, 2-6pm. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

Mattersey House (Mr & Mrs T. P. O'Connor-Fenton), Mattersey, Nr Retford. June 21,

St Anne's Manor (Sir Charles & Lady Buchanan), Sutton Bonnington, Nr Loughborough. June 14, 2-6pm.

OXFORDSHIRE

Belchers Farm (Mrs M. Hue Williams), Little Milton, Nr Thame. June 14, 2-7pm.

POWYS

Trellydiart (Drs John & Ann Welton), *Chirbury Rd*, *Montgomery*. June 6, 7, 2.30-7pm. SHROPSHIRE David Austin Roses, Bowling Green Lane,

Albrighton, Nr Wolverhampton. June 28, 2-7pm. SOMERSET Barford Park (Mr & Mrs Michael Stancomb), Nr

Bridgwater. June 6, 7, 2-6pm.

Milton Lodge (Mr D. C. Tudway Quilter), Nr Wells. June 7, 21, 2-7pm.

Lime Tree Cottage (Mr & Mrs P. Sinclair), 25 Ellesmere Rd, Weybridge. June 10, 10.30-4pm. SUSSEX

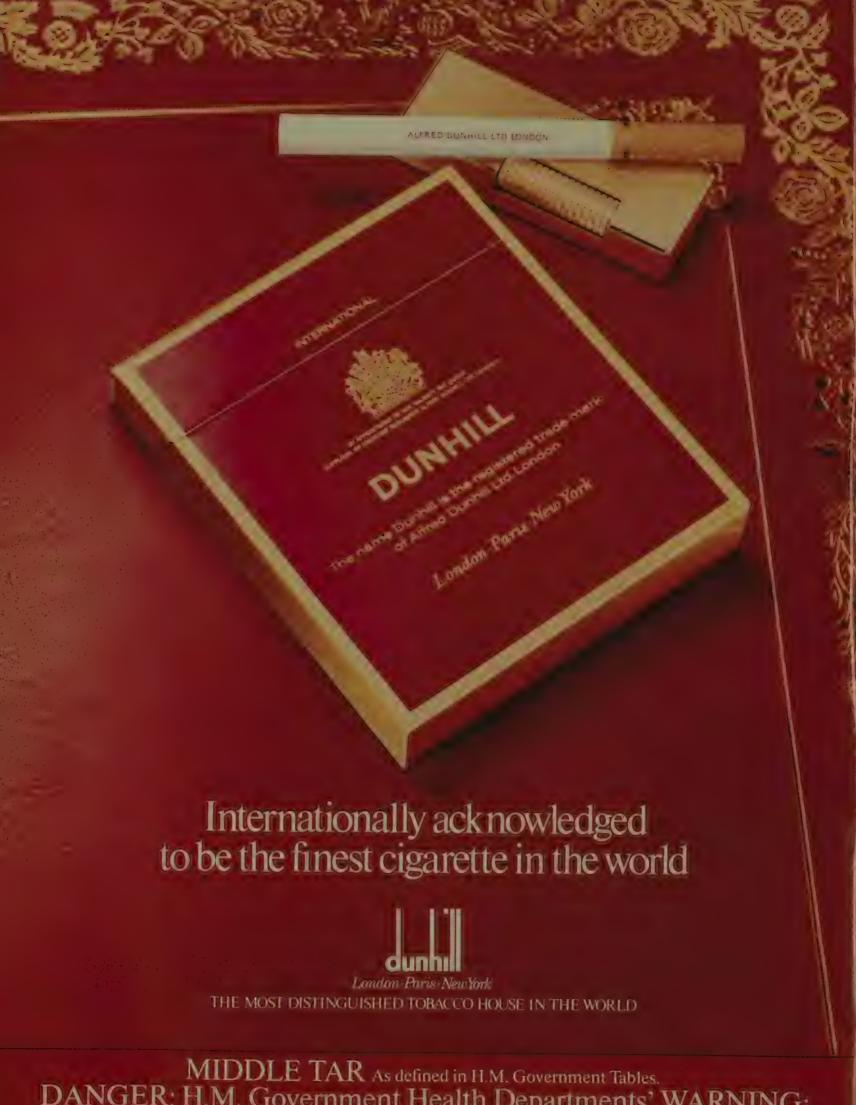
Down Place (Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Thistleton-Smith), Harting, Nr Petersfield. June 12, 13, 14, 15, 2-6pm.

WARWICKSHIRE

Astrop House (Mr & Mrs A. Harvey), Frankton, Nr Rugby. June 28, 2-6pm. WILTSHIRE

Fosbury Manor (Mr Christopher William Garnett), Oxenwood, Nr Hungerford. June 7, 2-6pm.





DANGER: H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING: CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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France looks to the left



President François Mitterrand.

M François Mitterrand's assumption of the presidency of France, following his triumph over M Giscard d'Estaing in the second round of the elections on May 10, is likely to mark a fundamental change in the politics of Europe as well as of France. M Mitterrand's election may have been seen initially as more of a rejection of M Giscard than as enthusiastic endorsement of socialism, but both France and Europe are having to come to terms with the fact that in getting rid of the right-wing occupancy of the Elysée Palace for the first time since the foundation of the Fifth Republic in 1958 they have put into office a man of the left who is committed to make substantial changes. The size of his majority, and the display of popular enthusiasm with which his victory was celebrated, suggested that France was ready for change, but not until the elections for the National Assembly, over which rightwing parties still have a majority, will it be known whether most Frenchmen want the changes to be uninhibited.

M Mitterrand won the presidency, at the age of 64, at his third attempt. He ran against General Charles de Gaulle in 1965 and against M Giscard in 1974, and had he not been successful on this occasion it was regarded as inevitable that his political career would end. His first political appointment came after the war, when de Gaulle made him Minister for Prisoners of War and Deportees, and he held many other ministerial posts during the Fourth Republic. His gradual move towards the left put him out of favour with de Gaulle and he went into what began to look like permanent opposition when the Fourth Republic was succeeded by the Fifth. During this time he set up the French Socialist Party, a pop-

ular movement of the left which carefully distanced itself from the Communist Party, and its success may be judged not only from M Mitterrand's victory in the second round but also from the fact that in the first the vote for the Communists was even lower than it had been during the days of de Gaulle.

The new President may nonetheless have to depend on Communist support to achieve his legislative aims. The Communists offered unconditional support after their débâcle in the first round of the presidential election, but may not be so accommodating after the elections to the National Assembly. The new President will certainly need a left-wing majority in the Assembly to secure the passage of many of his policies. These include the introduction of a 35-hour week, the creation of some 200,000 jobs in the public sector, the raising of the minimum wage, the nationalization of the remainder of the banking and insurance system (about two-thirds is already under state ownership), together with 11 large industrial groups, the introduction of a wealth tax and an increase in trade union participation in management and economic decision-making.

For Europe, and particularly for the European Economic Community, the advent of a socialist President in France will have far-reaching effects. M Mitterrand looks forward to a seven-year term; few of the other current political leaders in Europe may still be in office in 1988. And though his declared foreign policy looks familiar enough, with few differences from that of President Giscard, it is likely that changes will come. To begin with, there should now be more op-

portunity for Britain and the other EEC countries to broaden the base for effective decision-making. The close and very personal alliance between President Giscard and Chancellor Schmidt of West Germany has had a stultifying effect on the move towards unity in the EEC, and the change in leadership in France should give Mrs Thatcher, whose relationship with M Giscard was never more than tepid, a chance to improve Britain's standing in the community. It is also reassuring that President Mitterrand shares the West's suspicions of the Soviet Union. His leftward bias, in fact, seems more French than international.

Nonetheless within that context a new era has now begun. The chances are that it will be politically lively. If a National Assembly is returned by the French electors with with a left-wing majority the legislative proposals put forward by the President will no doubt be passed, though some bargaining with the Communists may have to take place first-and it is far from certain at present what concessions they may demand. If, on the other hand, the French electors were primarily voting in May for a change of President rather than a change in fundamental policies then they may still return a right-wing Assembly. France has not yet experienced a left-wing President and a right-wing Assembly, but the combination can hardly survive for long except in a state of crisis. Under the constitution the Assembly has the power to veto most of the President's proposals, including his choice of Government, which would force the President to resort to emergency powers. There are hazards to stability whichever way France now turns, but the demand for change was clearly not to be resisted.

Thursday, April 9

Civil Service unions stepped up their five-week dispute by calling out Customs officials in Northern Ireland and at eight ports in Wales and the west of England.

The Social Democratic Party announced it had attracted 39,000 new members since its launch on April 6, making its total membership 43,566.

Alexander Haig, US Secretary of State, arrived in London for talks with the Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, and the Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington.

The Japanese freighter, Nissho Maru, sank in the East China Sea after colliding with a US nuclear submarine. Thirteen of its 15 crew members were rescued.

Friday, April 10

Robert Sands, a convicted Provisional IRA gunman on hunger strike in the Maze prison, won the by-election in Fermanagh and South Tyrone with a 1,446-vote majority over Harry West, the Official Unionist.

In Lebanon the ceasefire between the Christian militia and the Syrian army collapsed after Israeli ground and air attacks left at least 20 dead.

The Polish parliament appealed for a two-month ban on strikes and passed a motion of confidence in General Woiciech Jaruzelski, the prime minister.

Saturday, April 11

Violent rioting broke out in Brixton, South London, following an incident in the area when a coloured youth was stabbed. By the evening of April 12 a total of 196 arrests had been made and 226 people had been injured. Bouts of street fighting continued until April 13.

President Reagan was discharged from hospital, 12 days after the attempt on his life.

Sunday, April 12

The world's first reusable space shuttle, Columbia, was successfully launched by the Americans from Cape Canaveral with astronauts Commander John Young and Captain Robert Crippen on board. The shuttle had suffered a series of setbacks in its development and its maiden voyage was three years behind schedule. Columbia landed safely in the Californian Mojave desert 541 hours later, having completed 36 orbits of the Earth.

Four thousand unemployed teenagers held a rally in Hyde Park to protest about the shortage of jobs.

In Bavaria, Maxim Shostakovich, son of the late Soviet composer Dmitri Shostakovich, and his son, Dmitri, defected while on a European concert tour with the Soviet Radio Symphony Orchestra. They were later granted political asylum by the USA.

Tom Watson won the 45th US Masters golf tournament in Augusta, Georgia.

Joe Louis, former heavyweight boxing champion, died aged 66.

Monday, April 13

William Whitelaw, the Home Secretary, announced the setting up of a public inquiry into the Brixton riots to be conducted by Lord Scarman.

Police constable Trevor Lock and an unnamed SAS soldier were awarded the George Medal for courage displayed during the Iranian Embassy siege of April, 1980.

Tuesday, April 14

Civil Service unions called a national half-day strike after the Navy crossed picket lines to prepare the nuclear submarine Resolution for sailing

A report by the House of Commons Industry and Trade Committee recommended an investigation by in dependent consultants into the costs of continuing with Concorde.

Margaret Thatcher, the Prime

Minister, left for an 11-day tour of India, Saudi Arabia and the Gulf.

Wednesday, April 15

Rioting broke out in Londonderry after a peaceful H-block demonstration and in Belfast an official ban prevented 2,000 supporters of hunger-striker Robert Sands from marching through the city centre.

It was announced that Britain's 1981-82 defence would cost £12,274 million, matching the Nato agreed target of an annual 3 per cent increase.

British Rail announced losses of £77 million for 1980.

England drew the fifth and final Test match against the West Indies in Jamaica. The West Indies won the series 2-0.

Thursday, April 16

Easter holidaymakers were faced with delays at Heathrow as Immigration Officials joined the Civil Service unions' campaign of disruption.

The annual rate of inflation rose to 12.6 per cent, the first increase since last May.

Friday, April 17

In Poland farmers won the right to form their own independent trade union, Rural Solidarity. In return for recognition the farmers agreed to accept the leading role of the Communist Party in Polish life.

The Prime Minister of Zaire, Nguza Karl-I-Bond, resigned.

Sunday, April 19

Two youths were killed in Londonderry in an accident with an Army Land-Rover when rioting broke out.

Monday, April 20 Several hundred black youths were involved in violent incidents in three areas of London: Finsbury Park, Ealing Common and Wanstead. 15 policemen were injured and 70 arrests were

made. For the sixth day in succession gangs of youths with petrol bombs went on the rampage in Londonderry, and there was also widespread violence in Relfast

Beirut was engulfed by heavy fire in fighting between Syrian troops and Lebanese Christian militia. In Southern Lebanon Israeli aircraft bombed a Palestinian stronghold.

Steve Davis, aged 23, won the world professional snooker title in Sheffield. Tuesday, April 21

President Reagan announced his intention to go ahead with the sale of adradar aircraft (AWACs) to Saudi Arabia in spite of a warning from his own Republican party that the deal might be vetoed in Congress.

Japanese officials disclosed that 56 workers were exposed to abnormal radiation levels while clearing up contaminated waste material which had escaped from a filter tank at the Tsuruga nuclear power station in Fukui on March 8. An investigation was to be carried out.

Saboteurs, presumed to be members of the banned African National Congress, blew up a power station south of Durban causing damage estimated at

Russia launched Cosmos-1266, an unmanned satellite, intended for space research

Wednesday, April 22

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, in Saudi Arabia on the ninth day of her overseas tour, announced that Britain had won a £100 million order from the United Arab Emirates for 35 Britishmade Hawk training aircraft.

Youths and police battled in the streets of Londonderry after the funeral of the two youths killed by an Army Land-Rover on April 19. The violence spread to Belfast, Newry Portadown, Northern Ireland.

Dolours Price, one of two sisters

jailed for life for their part in the 1973 car bombings in London, was released from prison because she was in danger of dving from anorexia nervosa.

The Banking Insurance and Finance Union called a 24-hour strike in the second phase of the industrial action protesting at their employers' refusal to increase their 10 per cent pay offer. Further disruptive action at bank computer centres and the Joint Credit Card Computer centre at Southend was planned.

Thursday, April 23

Mikhail Suslov, the Soviet Communist Party's chief theoretician, arrived in Warsaw for talks with the Polish Politburo. After a meeting of the Polish Communist Party central committee on April 29, Jozef Pinkowski, the former Prime Minister, was removed from the ruling Politburo.

A proposal by Lord Soames for a settlement of the seven-week Civil Service strike was rejected.

An appeal against the extradition of Ronald Biggs was upheld by the Barbados High Court and Biggs returned to Brazil the following day.

Lord Carrington arrived Hamburg for talks with Chancellor Helmut Schmidt.

Princess Michael of Kent gave birth to a 711b daughter in St Mary's Hospital, Paddington.

Fighting in Lebanon subsided after a ceasefire order, the 20th in three weeks. was issued by President Sarkis. Since April 19 some 330 people had been killed in clashes between rival factions. Friday, April 24

President Reagan lifted the embargo on the sale of grain to Russia imposed by President Carter in 1980 after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

The state-owned British National Oil Corporation announced a profit of £309 million in 1980. Its chairman, Philip Shelbourne, attacked the special North Sea petroleum revenue tax, introduced by the Government in the budget, that together with corporation tax would cut the corporation's profit to £88.1 million.

In the worst April weather for decades blizzards swept through Scotland, the north of England, the Midlands, Wales and the south-west for four days, trapping motorists and livestock, blocking roads and railways and disrupting power supplies.

Saturday, April 25

Two European Human Rights Commissioners arrived at the Maze prison to visit Robert Sands, who was in the 56th day of his fast. He refused to see them because his demand for the meeting to take place in the presence of a fellow prisoner and two Provisional Sinn Fein officials was not met.

All marches except for traditional May Day celebrations were banned in London for 28 days by the Home Secretary, William Whitelaw.

Fighting near the Christian town of Zahle, Lebanon, spread to Beirut breaking the three-day-old ceasefire ordered by President Sarkis.

Sunday, Ápril 26 President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was less than 2 per cent ahead of socialist François Mitterrand after the first round of the French presidential elections. All the eight other candidates were eliminated in the ballot, among them Jacques Chirac, the Gaullist, and Georges Marchais, the Communist.

Barry Porter, Conservative MP for Bebington, received a letter bomb which he believed was sent by supporters of Robert Sands. He took it to the police who dismantled it.

A new Scottish newspaper, the Sunday Standard, was published in Glasgow by George Outram, a subsidiary of Lonrho.

Monday, April 27

Five aircraft cadets who lost their way on Dartmoor during the weekend's blizzards were found by a team from the Dartmoor Rescue Group. The boys were suffering from exposure but were otherwise unhurt.

The Civil Service started a five-week programme of action by air traffic controllers to disrupt air travel.

A labour election rally at Swanley, Kent, was disrupted by about a dozen youths shouting extreme right-wing slogans. Roy Hattersley, Shadow Home Secretary, was injured when he went to protect a member of the audience who was being attacked.

Colonel Gaddafi of Libya arrived in Moscow for talks with President Brezhnev. The visit followed a decision by Libya, Algeria, Syria, South Yemen and the PLO to strengthen links with Moscow

Sir James Goldsmith abandoned publication of the weekly news magazine Now! reporting that it had lost £6 million since its launch in September, 1979.

Tuesday, April 28

The Pope sent his personal secretary to visit hunger-striker Robert Sands at the

Fifteen people, three of them Britons, were killed when a DC-3 crashed about 500 miles from Jakarta.

Members of the Red Brigades kidnapped Ciro Cirillo, a Christian Democrat politician, in Naples.

It was announced that contrary to Uganda's wishes Tanzania would withdraw her 10,000 troops, remnants of the force of 45,000 that overthrew President Idi Amin in 1979, from Uganda by the end of June.

Wednesday, April 29

Following military confrontations be tween Israeli and Syrian forces in Lebanon, Syria deployed Soviet surface-to-air missiles in eastern Lebanon and the USA urged the Soviet Union to defuse the rapidly deteriorating situation.

Peter Sutcliffe, accused of murdering 13 women in the north of England and charged with attempting to murder seven others, appeared at the Central Criminal Court, London. He admitted killing the women but pleaded not guilty to murder, guilty of manslaughter, claiming diminished responsibility; he pleaded guilty to the attempted murder charges. The hearing was adjourned to May 5.

European Commission announced that normal exports of EEC grain and other foodstuffs to the Soviet Union were to be resumed.

Thursday, April 30

In South Africa's all-white general election the ruling National Party was returned to power with a substantially reduced majority, winning 131 of the 165 parliamentary seats, three less than in the 1977 election. The Progressive Federal Party increased its parliamentary representation from 17 to 26 while the New Republic Party fell back from 10 to eight. The ultra right-wing Herstigte Nasionale Party won no seats despite a large increase in votes.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Geoffrey Howe, accepted a Conservative amendment to halve the 20p tax on diesel fuel for road vehicles in troduced in the budget, but insisted the lost revenue be recouped in other ways.

The Western Sea, an Americanowned ship, with a mainly British crew undertaking survey work commis sioned by the Kuwait National Oil Company in the Persian Gulf, was seized by the Iranian authorities who declared the vessel was in Iranian waters and in a war zone.

Friday, May 1

Britain, the United States and France

vetoed four Third World resolutions, calling for trade sanctions against South Africa, because of its failure to comply with the UN independence plan for Namibia, in the UN Security Council. Saturday, May 2

An Aer Lingus Boeing 737 was hijacked on a routine flight from Dublin to London by Laurence Downey, a former Trappist monk, and forced to land at Le Touquet in France. Eight hours later French anti-terrorist police stormed the plane, released the hostages and captured the hijacker.

Sunday, May 3

At a political rally in Tel Aviv Israel's Prime Minister, Menachem Begin, attacked Chancellor Schmidt President Giscard d'Estaing for the "unbridled greed and avarice" of their pro-Arab policies.

Monday, May 4

An army general, two para-military guards and a member of the national police were shot dead in Madrid by members of Grapo, a guerrilla group of the extreme left.

Tuesday, May 5

Robert Sands, the Provisional IRA terrorist who was serving a 14-year sentence for possessing firearms, died in the Maze prison, Belfast, after refusing to eat for 66 days. He was 27.

A parcel bomb addressed to the Prince of Wales at Buckingham Palace was intercepted at a London postal sorting office and defused. The following day two similar packages were discovered addressed to Roy Hattersley, Shadow Home Secretary, and James Kilfedder, Ulster Unionist MP.

The Old Vic Theatre Company announced that it was being forced to close because of financial difficulties.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Norway for a four-day state visit.

The American Secretary of State, Alexander Haig, disclosed at the Nato mid-year conference in Rome that the United States intended to negotiations with the Soviet Union on the control of nuclear missiles in Europe by the end of the year. Nato ministers agreed to press ahead with placing new nuclear missiles in Europe. Wednesday, May 6

The United States announced that it was expelling all Libyan diplomats be-cause of the Libyan government's continued support for international terror-

Twenty-one airmen died when a US Air Force jet carrying secret radar equipment crashed in Maryland.

Thursday, May 7

In the local government elections the Labour party seized control of the London Council, four metropolitan counties and 10 shire counties from the Conservatives who in addition lost overall control of six shire counties. Of the 53 county councils and the GLC. Labour won control of 21. the Conservatives 19, the Liberals one and the Independents four, with no party winning overall control of nine

In Madrid a colonel and two soldiers were killed and the chief of the king's military household, Lieutenant-General Joaquin Valenzuela, seriously injured in a bomb attack. The Basque separatist organization ETA claimed responsibility

Friday, May 8

Prince Andrew Alexandrovitch of Russia, grandson of Tsar Alexander III and nephew of Tsar Nicholas II, died in Kent aged 84.

Sunday, May 10

François Mitterrand, the socialist candidate, was elected President of France, unseating Valery Giscard d'Estaing by 4 per cent of the vote and ending 23 years of unbroken right-wing rule

Continuing troubles in Ulster: IRA terrorist Robert Sands, 27, who was serving a 14-year sentence in the Maze Prison, Belfast, for possessing firearms, died on May 5 having refused food and medical attention for 66 days. His death was the signal for outbreaks of violence in both Northern Ireland and in Dublin, with threats of more to come. Sands's five-hour funeral was given full IRA publicity treatment, with military

honours, graveside speeches and a national day of mourning—intimidation of people in Republican areas to force them to stay away from work was reported. At the same time as Sands was being buried the Reverend Ian Paisley held a memorial service at Belfast City Hall for 2,000 Protestants who had died as a result of IRA activities during the past 12 years.



The funeral procession of Robert Sands. The IRA had ordered a shutdown of businesses along the 3 mile route between St Luke's Church and Milltown cemetery.



Sporadic outbreaks of violence followed the death and funeral of Sands. Here in Londonderry youths throw stones and a hijacked lorry goes up in flames.



The funeral of RUC Constable Philip Ellis, with full police honours, on May 9. He had been shot dead in the New Lodge area of Belfast three days earlier.

Brixton riots: More than 200 people were injured and almost as many were arrested in Brixton during a weekend of rioting, mainly by black youths. Disturbances which began after a stabbing incident gradually grew more violent, and the riots continued sporadically for two more days. More than £1 million worth of property was destroyed or stolen. William Whitelaw, the Home Secretary, ordered a public inquiry into the riots, to be headed by Lord Scarman.





Many policemen were injured in the rioting. In one trouble spot where there had been earlier rioting police formed a barricade as fires were started.





As the rioting worsened cars, including a number of police vehicles, were set on fire, as were several buildings which were left gutted.



Prime Minister's tour: Margaret Thatcher began an 11-day overseas tour in India where she discussed Britain's controversial Nationality Bill, international politics and trade agreements with Indira Gandhi. The Prime Minister went on to visit Saudi Arabia, where she negotiated a £100 million contract for Britain, and the Gulf States.



Wintry weather: Farmers lost millions of pounds' worth of crops and livestock in freak blizzards that swept through parts of England, Scotland and Wales for four days in late April, bringing snow drifts of up to 8 feet. Freezing temperatures eventually gave way to a thaw which caused widespread flooding and further damage to crops.







French election: The victory of François Mitterrand—voting with his wife, top—who was elected the first socialist President of France for 23 years, was celebrated in Paris by thousands of his supporters.



Moments of spring: Even while snow still lay in gullies in the north and Wales, spring came, belatedly and briefly, to London. In Regent's Park tulips and fallen cherry blossom marked the occasion.





Royal travels: The Prince of Wales spent five weeks touring New Zealand, Australia, Venezuela and the USA. Among engagements in New Zealand were a visit to Waihi Marae, Tokaanu, where he received a Maori welcome, and a stay in Auckland, which included a walkabout. After two weeks in New Zealand he flew on to Australia, where he received an honorary degree from Monash University.







After a brief stop in Venezuela, where he met President Luis Herrera, Prince Charles ended his travels in America. There he attended a private dinner at the White House given in his honour by President and Mrs Reagan.



On his return Prince Charles flew to Balmoral where he was joined by Lady Diana Spencer.

Ulster after Sands

by Sir Angus Maude

In the closing days of the Sands saga it seemed as if almost everyone was making mischief.

The IRA, of course, can exist only so long as it is able to create mischief. Perhaps the same can be said of Ian Paisley, although-whatever he may threaten—he has been generally careful to keep within the letter of the law. The Irish in the USA are perhaps just natural trouble-makers. The confused and confusing interventions of Mr Haughey, Prime Minister of the Irish Republic, can no doubt be simply explained by the imminence of a general election, in the run-up to which he cannot afford to alienate Republican sympathizers. But the goings-on of the Roman Catholic priesthood were too ambivalent to be easily explicable.

It was noticeable that the only absolutely clear and straightforward statement of what one had assumed was the orthodox Roman Catholic attitude towards a deliberate act of selfdestruction came not from Ireland but from Cardinal Hume, across the water in Westminster. He, of course, is not concerned with politics. Nor, presumably, is the Pope, yet his intervention could hardly have confused the issue more. His envoy appears to have conducted himself with scrupulous propriety, but his visit markedly contributed to the build-up of Sands into a significant world figure-and it left unanswered the question that has baffled Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Why were the last rites of the Church offered to a man who was conscious-and unyielding in his determination to commit the mortal sin of suicide?

Perhaps the least mysterious of the mischief-makers were the foreign journalists and television commentators, of whom some 400 gathered like vultures as soon as Sands neared death. Some of them were perfectly responsible newsmen, there to report factually the developments in what had become a world news story. But there is no doubt that many of them were there simply to get pictures of violence and riotingpreferably of British soldiers shooting civilians. Some of them were discovered by the police to have been paying gangs of teen-age hooligans to throw stones at the security forces.

This is not the first time media representatives have sought to create the news they need; but it does emphasize something to be remembered always when considering riots and disorder in Northern Ireland. Terrorism is one thing: the IRA uses lethal methods to create fear and in the hope that continuous violence will cause the British to weary of a thankless and apparently never-ending task. But throwing stones at soldiers or policemen is purely and simply a propaganda exercise and

without the media it would rapidly become pointless. The aim is to create an impression of widespread disorder and of unpopular authority, also to provoke individual soldiers and policemen into what appear to be excessive acts of retaliation.

The whole thing is a vicious circle, an apparently insoluble problem. One cannot expect the media not to report what actually happens, and if the authorities tried to prevent it they would be offering a worldwide propaganda triumph to their opponents. Yet so long as the media do go on reporting it in pictures, so long will the disorder continue.

The Sands affair was quite cynically—and cleverly—designed by the Provisional Sinn Fein to cause the maximum embarrassment to the British Government and to create renewed fear and tension in a Province which the authorities had been steadily rendering more secure and, nearly everywhere, peaceful. All at the minimum cost and risk. The presentation to the IRA of a new heroic martyr was no more than an incidental by-product of the exercise.

And, to an extent, it succeeded. All over the world people ignorant of the implications have been asking whether it is really sensible or humane to let young men die over an argument about clothing, or even status. Yet the answer is painfully simple and obvious: if that were all the argument was about, they would not be ready to die for it. The authorities *cannot* give way, because to allow terrorist murderers, bank robbers and petty gangsters to run their own prison is to give them the status of honest rebels; it is the first step towards allowing them to run the country.

So the tragedy of Ulster continues. Obloquy is heaped on one of the most humane prison systems in the world, and on a Government which has patiently and thanklessly persisted in what is an entirely honourable task.

The search for that chimera the "political solution" will continue to be advocated. But there can, in the short run, be no possible compromise between a majority doggedly determined to remain in the United Kingdom and a minority determined to become part of another nation. Not, at least, while the Roman Catholic hierarchy remains political and the Unionists remain disunited, with Mr Paisley the only popular majority leader of any stature. It would be futile for the British Government to dream up more variations on the powersharing theme. They would fail, as all the others have failed.

For what may be a long, long time to come, there is nothing for it but to grit the teeth and slog on, relying as always on the loyalty and courage of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, the Ulster Defence Regiment and the British Army.

Sir Angus Maude is Conservative MP for Stratford-on-Avon.

Foreign policy failures

by Patrick Brogan

President Reagan has been in office for four months, and so far has made a complete hash of his foreign policy. He has been aided and abetted in this endeavour by his Secretary of State, the former General Alexander Haig, and by a team of domestic political advisers for whom "abroad" is anything east of the Sierra Nevada.

In a speech he made in March the President said, "Because ours is a consistent philosophy of government we can be very clear: we do not have a separate social agenda, a separate economic agenda and a separate foreign agenda. We have one agenda. Just as surely as we seek to put our financial house in order and rebuild our nation's defences, so, too, we seek to protect the unborn, to end the manipulation of schoolchildren by Utopian planners and permit the acknowledgement of a Supreme Being in our classrooms, just as we allow such acknowledgements in other public institutions."

There is some deep philosophical point there that links abortion policy with national defence, but it is too deep for most of us.

Late in April the President announced that he would immediately lift the embargo on the sale of grain to the Soviet Union that had been imposed by his predecessor. Critics to right and to left pointed out that it was contradictory to pronounce anathema on the USSR, to utter maledictions against it, and then to sell it food. Mr Reagan insisted that "the Russians would not misunderstand the signal". He is quite right. The signal is that Mr Reagan does not know what he is doing, and the Russians can see him coming from a mile away.

The business of the grain embargo is very important because it shows that Mr Reagan will not stand up to an important lobby in the United States, that he thinks that words are enough to keep the Russians in their place, and that he has no faint idea of how things look to foreigners.

To take the last point first: the USA is doing everything in its power to persuade the West Germans that they should not pay for a natural gas pipeline from Siberia to central Europe. The Germans need the gas; the Russians lack the skill to develop the Siberian gasfields and the resources to build the pipeline. The Germans will do it for them and take payment in gas.

The Americans think this is trading with the enemy, with those people who are threatening Poland, and think it all very wrong. They cannot see that lifting the grain embargo means that the Germans will not take a blind bit of notice of American protests.

Throughout the election campaign Mr Reagan, who needed farm votes, opposed the embargo. When he won, and

was inaugurated, his new Secretary of State told him that it might be unwise to lift the embargo while the Russian tanks were gathered around the borders of Poland. Mr Reagan agreed. There was a crisis in April, when an invasion seemed imminent, and when it receded the embargo was lifted.

Why? Because Mr Reagan needed the support of farm State senators and congressmen to get his economic programme through Congress. Back to the speech in which he said "we do not have separate agendas": he does have separate agendas. He sacrifices foreign policy to the exigencies of domestic politics.

Another example of his (and the USA's) inability to understand things foreign: Mr Reagan inherited from Mr Carter a proposal to build an immensely expensive nuclear missile system in the deserts of Nevada and Utah. It was called the MX and was to be safe from Russian attack, unlike the missiles buried in the fields of North Dakota.

Very few people live in the western deserts but the whole system is very unpopular, and Mr Reagan is already looking for an alternative, such as putting the missiles in ships.

He also inherited a proposal to install cruise missiles in western Europe, to balance the latest medium-range Russian missiles. The Americans are now astonished at the seriousness of antinuclear sentiment in Europe, and cannot see that if the USA is unwilling to base its own missiles in its own deserts, it has a difficult time persuading the Germans and the British to accept foreign missiles on their heavily-populated soil.

The administration wants to help Pakistan, and has therefore asked Congress for permission to send huge sums there, despite laws stating that nations building atomic weapons cannot receive American aid. Simultaneously America wants to stop supplying India with fuel for its nuclear reactors because India, like Pakistan, is building nuclear weapons. The Indians think this approach unbalanced.

With a President who knows nothing about the world at large, the job of running foreign policy ought to fall to Mr Haig. Alas, he blew it. First of all, he announced that the main objective was to stop communism in El Salvador, to the astonishment of the rest of the Government who believed that their objective was to restore the economy. Then he got into a series of public arguments with everyone, including the President, and lost them all. So we have an ignorant President and a lame-duck Secretary (and an inconsequential National Security Adviser). Fortunately Mr Haig has left career diplomats in key positions in the department, and it is possible that Mr Reagan will learn on the job, as Mr Carter did. The parallel is not the most encouraging, but it is the best hope we have.

The two equalities

by Sir Arthur Bryant

The spring of 1981 has seen Britain faced by two threats which, though few may yet realize their full implications. could imperil her very future as a free nation. One has been a major mob assault, mainly by West Indian youths with fire bombs and other lethal weapons, on the peace, public order and security of London streets, shops and houses and on the police who are charged with their protection. A whole residential and commercial district within a few miles of Parliament and Whitehall has been the subject of such attack and mass destruction, and there seems little to prevent, and a good deal to foster, similar assaults on public order by similar discontented elements in the community.

The other, though less immediately alarming, threat is, if possible, still graver. This has been a direct challenge to the authority and, through it, to the very existence of the democratic and elected Government of this country by the Civil Service trade unions who claim to control-fortunately not wholly correctly—the members of our immense Civil Service and who constitute the personnel of our national executive. One at least of these threats, though this is strenuously denied, is under some suspicion of being fomented or encouraged by those who hold no brief for the well-being and very existence of this country. Both deliberately inflict injury on the general public and on those to whom the Government owes the duty of protection.

The first is partly, but only partly, a direct consequence of the mass influx into this already overcrowded island since the early 1950s of vast numbers of men, women and children of different race, colour, habit and creed, who were formerly citizens of the now defunct British Empire. But, where it has now occurred, it appears to have arisen principally among one section only of the coloured community, that hailing from the Caribbean—a part of our overseas dominions which at one time had a reputation for loyalty to the

throne and to the Christian religion second almost to none. Their Asiatic fellow-immigrants, who probably exceed them in number, have shown little sign of late of wishing to overturn by force the law and order of the little North Sea island which has offered them hospitality and a new home.

The primary reason for the rioting, looting and arson which the indigenous population, as well as large sections of the immigrant fraternity itself, have been forced to endure is, though not wholly, a manifestation of purely racist feeling, whether on the part of the rioters themselves or of those against whom the riots are ostensibly directed. One contributory cause of the south London riots of this spring has been the presence of massive juvenile unemployment; an evil laid to the charge of the present Government by its many highly vocal critics and opponents. Another is the existence of poor housing and social conditions, which are, despite much effort and expenditure to improve them, aggravated by the vast population influx into an area incapable of containing such numbers of prolific newcomers.

Society is in this matter faced by two linked challenges. One is to prevent crime and violence, and the cruelty, suffering and injustice which they inflict on the innocent and helpless; this is the primary duty of government, by the exercise of restraint, deterrence and punishment. The second challenge is to create the kind of social conditions which breed and educate good and lawabiding citizens: that is, men and women whose instinctive behaviour is just, gentle and beneficial to others. To cure and prevent the very different kind of behaviour and its consequences which we have recently seen operating in parts of south London both these challenges have to be met, though completely separately. For it is no use trying to cure and prevent violence and crime by taking into account in its punishment the social conditions which have bred and fostered criminals and bullies. This is an error which well-meaning persons of benevolent intentions but muddled minds are only too prone to make. It is idle attempting to restrain a mugger,

whether black or white, who has formed the habit of coshing and robbing helpless old women or breaking into and wrecking their homes, by reducing or waiving the punishment which can alone deter him and his associates on the grounds that he is the product of a faulty social environment or a member of a minority racial group. The sole test of the punishment meted out to him must be that it is effective in preventing him and others from repeating or emulating his crimes of cruelty and violence.

Nothing less is of any immediate use, and experience suggests that, in young people at any rate, physical violence is more effectively, and even mercifully, punished and deterred by physical punishment than by imprisonment. And for this reason I should like to see the use of firearms and fire bombs, whether against the police or fellow-citizens, punished in such a way as to make anyone who resorts to them, or incites others to resort to them, think very seriously about the consequences to himself of doing so. Bullies, whether black or white, are best punished or restrained by their own cowardice.

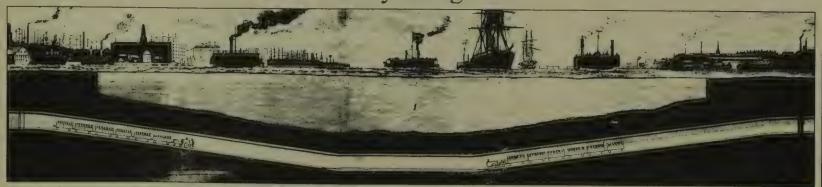
Yet while I should like to see the deterrence and punishment of crimes of violence and cruelty made as severe, and therefore as effective, as possible, I should simultaneously like to see an immediate assault by Government and society on the evil conditions which breed and promote crime, violence and cruelty. It is no use our maintaining that we cannot afford to eradicate the kind of housing or schooling that breeds lawless bullies and criminals and results in such socially disastrous tragedies as we have recently witnessed in Brixton. We cannot afford not to. The real wealth of a country lies in the virtue, decency and good behaviour of its citizens. To ensure that the young of a nation have decent homes, good education, and scope and useful employment for their talents and energies, is just as important as that they should be restrained from, and punished for, cruel and brutal behaviour to their fellow-citizens.

Above all—and this is the highest creative function of government—they should be endowed with institutions

which, appealing to the human heart and imagination, help to make good citizens. I should like to see a crack multiracial, though predominantly black, Royal West Indian Regiment, both regular and territorial, raised and trained on the lines of those great regiments which our countrymen formerly raised in India to civilize and turn to virtue and social usefulness the fierce predatory turbulence of the Indian fighting races. And I would like to see founded, in every predominantly West Indian district, a fine cricket club to canalize and evoke the Caribbean genius and impassioned partisanship for the game, centred on a park created, in the course of slum clearance, to bring light, amenity and civic pride to a depressed neighbourhood.

And if accountants and economists contend that the monetary means are lacking to create such nurseries of true social and human wealth, we should try to adapt our monetary system in such a way as to ensure that it stimulates the creation of real, as distinct from purely notional and money, wealth, instead of inhibiting and preventing it. Somewhere in the course of his writings and speeches that far-seeing visionary prophet and seer, Benjamin Disraeli-who was so much more than the mere political acrobat seeking the top of the greasy pole, as he has often been depicted—defined the basis of English society as constitutional equality. "But here," he went on, "let us distinguish: there are two kinds of equality. There is the equality that levels and destroys, and the equality that elevates and creates. It is this last, this sublime, this celestial equality that animates the laws of England. The principle of the first equality-base, terrestrial, gallic and grovelling-is that no one should be privileged: the principle of English equality is that everyone should be privileged . . . Unlike the levelling equality of modern days the ancient equality of England elevates and creates. Learned in human nature the English constitution holds out privilege to every subject as the inducement to do his duty." What is true of our constitutional equality is, or should be, true of our racial equality.

100 years ago



Work was in progress on the Mersey Railway Tunnel, built to link the city of Liverpool to the town and docks of Birkenhead, when the ILN of June 11, 1880, carried this engraving. Completed in 1886, the 1,300 yard tunnel runs 25 feet below the river bed and is wide enough to accommodate two railway tracks.

Plans for Alexandra Palace

The London Borough of Haringey will release for public comment this summer its preferred options for the new Alexandra Palace, which will replace the Victorian Ally Pally that was partially destroyed-for the second time in its history—on July 10, 1980.

Public interest in future plans has been both keen and participative. Out of 7,000 questionnaires distributed to residents of Haringey and the adjoining boroughs, over 4,000 were returned; of those sent to Haringey people 70 per cent were returned. There were over 500 entries, plus a flood of letters, in a competition for original suggestions; these varied between pulling the remainder of Alexandra Palace down and beginning again from scratch, to restoring the Victorian leviathan exactly as it was in 1875. Some were all for a theme park of one kind or another-a British version of Disneyland, or a north London Coney Island. A surprising number of people argued strongly for preserving

the Great Hall with its "fine acoustic qualities"; these were in fact nonexistent and any future plans which keep the Hall would substantially improve them, for the wooden floor would be replaced with a concrete one.

There is still some question as to how much money will be available, but it is hoped the new building will provide facilities for sports, exhibitions, theatrical and musical activities and public events.

Meanwhile, on a site adjacent to the old Palace, a temporary structure to be known as the Alexandra Pavilion is taking shape and will, it is hoped, be ready for use by the autumn. It is basically a huge tent, with steel walls up to a height of 8 feet and above, supported rigidly on a steel framework, a double skin of polyester fabric. It will seat 4,000 people for concerts and meetings or provide 3,620 square metres of floor space for exhibitions.

The Alexandra Pavilion will be dismantled when the new Palace is built.

Whipsnade's jubilee

On the Bedfordshire downs the wallaby joeys peer out from their mothers' pouches, blinking in the warm sunshine; emu chicks have a startled look, as if surprised at their own stripey fluffiness: three small bactrian camel calves snuggle closer to their dams; and tiny deer and antelope fawns prance endearingly on incredibly slender legs. Visitors to Whipsnade Park in this its golden jubilee year coo at all these, and at the cheetah cub, born in March; and watch with amusement the antics of a baby chimp, born last August, who is now in the process of being assimilated within the family group of aunts and uncles.

But besides being a major attraction for the visitors, these young animals demonstrate the success of one of the two main aims for which Whipsnade was founded 50 years ago: breeding for survival. Now, of nearly 2,000 animals of 182 species, over 80 per cent of the mammals and over 50 per cent of the birds were bred in the Park. Whipsnade was the very first open-country zoo, the other main idea of its founder, Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, Secretary of The Zoological Society of London from 1903 to 1935, being to keep large animals from temperate and tropical climates in conditions as natural as possible and in the open; and thus, with a successful breeding programme, to help preserve the world's dwindling reserves of wild animals.

The golden jubilee is to be celebrated with several events. A royal visit and a 1930s-style day on the actual anniversary date have already taken place. There will be a national family day, organized by the Dunstable Round Table for charity, on August 22, with a Game Fair, hot air balloons, helicopter rides and so on; and several children's days. One of these, on June 6, is to be an

open day for underprivileged and handicapped children, and it will be hosted by Rod Hull and Emu. In addition a book by Elspeth Huxley, Whipsnade: captive breeding for survival, has been published by Collins at £8.95. It tells the Whipsnade success story, but sets it against the sombre and depressing background of animal conservation throughout the world.

Westminster story

To celebrate the centenary of the granting of its royal charter, the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors has an exhibition called "Royal Westminster" at its headquarters in Parliament Square. It looks back over 1,000 years of Westminster's past, from the days when Thorney Island, where Westminster Abbey now stands, was a wilderness surrounded by swamps to that June day in 1953 when Elizabeth II was crowned in the Abbey.

The 400 or so exhibits range from the bones of cave lion, giant ox, narrownosed rhinoceros and straight-tusked elephant, fossils of which were found during excavations before the rebuilding of Drummonds Bank, Charing Cross, in 1879, to illuminated manuscripts, sculpted angels, models and set pieces.

On view for the first time is the restored model made by Wren when he was engaged to carry out repairs to the Abbey between 1698 and 1722; it includes a central tower with a high spire as well as two western towers, to "give a proper grace to the whole fabric, and the West end of the City which seems to want it". After Wren's death Hawksmoor took over the work and Wren's tower and spire were not built.

The exhibition continues until the end

"We are a nation short memories"



Medallion struck by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company in January 1945 to commemorate the two "Battles of London" in 1940 and 1944. Packed in handsome presentation cases the medallions were sold on behalf of the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund and have since become collectors items.

After 35 years World War II is just a memory for many of us and a whole new generation cannot even remember.

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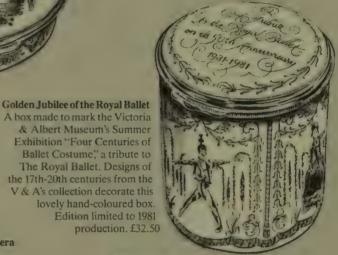


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The new Tories

by Julian Critchley

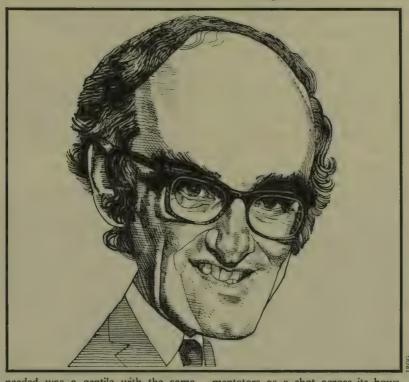
The author, who is Conservative MP for Aldershot, begins a series of three articles on Tory politicians with a profile of Defence Secretary John Nott, who took over last January and who is currently reviewing Britain's defence budget.

John Nott is the newly appointed Secretary of State for Defence with a brief from the Prime Minister herself to put that high-living, high-spending Department into some sort of financial order. Whether or not he will remains to be seen. After all, the Prime Minister herself finds it hard to make up her mind. Is she the "Iron Lady", committed to raise defence spending by 3 per cent a year in real terms, or is she the First Lord of the Treasury, determined to cut government spending? Mr Nott must serve not one but two mistresses.

John Nott is in his late 40s, lanky, bespectacled and balding. He has a tongue on him, his parliamentary humour often passing for wit. For example, he once described Enoch Powell as "the voice from the bogs of South Down". His style at Westminster could be described as Footlights and fancy-free, a combination of invective (often effective when deployed against the Labour Party), jokes and irony, fuelled by an ideological commitment well to the right of Tory centre. He is touched with divine discontent, is as sharp as a new pin and congenial company in the Smoking Room. Had he not been moved suddenly last January to Defence from Trade to replace a rebellious Francis Pym, he might have succeeded Geoffrey Howe at the Exchequer, But I suspect that chance has gone.

John Nott's background is conventional enough. He was born in Bromley, the son of a rice broker. His father's family were for generations professional soldiers. At eight he was sent away to spend the Second World War with his maternal grandfather, a country doctor in Bideford. There he developed the love for the country and the attachment to his family's West Country origins that he describes as his "prevailing passion". He went to Bradfield and later became a regular army officer in the 2nd Gurkhas, serving in Malaya during the communist rebellion. In his mid 20s he resigned his commission to go to Trinity College, Cambridge, with the help of a Kent county education grant and £800 he had saved from his British food allowance by living on curry with his men for three years. At Cambridge his maturity was an advantage; he read law and economics and became President of the Union. In 1959 he was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple.

Like the young Peter Walker in similar circumstances, John Nott wished to establish himself financially before entering Parliament. He wrote to Warburg's the merchant bankers, applauding their enterprise in shaking up the City, adding that what they



needed was a gentile with the same robust approach. Sir Siegmund Warburg was duly impressed by Nott's cheek and took him on. Nott spent six years at Warburg's ending as a general manager, before entering the House as MP for St Ives in Cornwall in 1966.

Although he quickly established himself in the House as a punchy performer, he was not given office until 1972 when Edward Heath brought him in as a junior Treasury minister. Nott was not happy with the policies pursued by the Prime Minister and his Chancellor, Anthony Barber, and after the Conservative defeat at the February, 1974, election he refused to serve on the Opposition front bench. After the second defeat that year Nott openly joined the critics of Heath's policies and campaigned for Margaret Thatcher in her challenge to the party's establishment. He received his reward: Mrs Thatcher made him an economics spokesman and a year later shadow Trade Secretary. After the Conservative victory in May, 1979, Nott took over the Department of Trade with a seat in the Cabinet, one of the handful of its members sympathetic to the monetarist views of the Prime Minister. It is hard to shine at the Department of Trade, and there were few opportunities for oratorical fun and games. Nevertheless he kept the admiration of Mrs Thatcher, doubtless an award for his defence of her policies in what has been an unhappy and divided Cabinet.

Nott's translation to the Ministry of Defence was seen by most commentators as a shot across its bows. Francis Pym had found it difficult to control spending and he was less than willing to fall in with the desire of the Treasury to cut his expenditure. Pym was keen to preserve the credibility of the Prime Minister who had, after all, excluded defence from any savings at the election, and had never missed an opportunity to draw public attention to the rate of Soviet re-armament. But the Treasury held a radically different view. Mandarins pointed out that Britain was plainly over-extended and that for a middle-ranking power in straitened economic circumstances to sustain willingly four different roles—the British Army of the Rhine; the defence of the Atlantic approaches; the defence of British airspace; and a small but important global role-besides being prepared to replace Polaris by the Trident missile-would be to place too great a burden on an economy which seemed likely to grow at a rate of 1 per cent over the next five years.

Mr Pym fought his corner with such success that he was rewarded with two jobs: Leader of the House, and the Government's propagandist. In his stead came John Nott, whose belief in retrenchment, at least in general terms, was not in doubt. Sir Frank Cooper, the Permanent Secretary at Defence, and the Chiefs of Staff feared the worst.

If John Nott really wants to cut defence spending and reduce the burden on Britain's resources he will only be following in the Conservative tradition. Since the Second World War Conserva-

tives have cut defence spending while Labour governments have generally raised it. This fact, which can be quite easily substantiated, is not widely appreciated on the Tory backbenches where it often suffices to be in favour of a Britain defended. Labour began the process of re-armament at the time of the Korean War and committed the country 30 years later to spending an additional 3 per cent a year: the Sandys White Paper of 1957 and Mr Heath's fundamental defence review in the early 1970s cut the proportion of the Gross National Product spent on defence quite substantially. Mr Nott has the precedents, but will he take the opportunity?

I rather doubt it. I think his bluff will be called. He has yet to demonstrate the backbone that would be necessary to impose an unpopular policy on the defence establishment and the Conservative Party at one and the same time. Pym was able to recruit the backbenches in defence of high spending, and the Prime Minister, as we have seen, is equivocal.

Nott will need to take decisions of great difficulty. If we are to spend between £5 billion and £6 billion on the Trident programme, the pressure on the procurement budget will be very great, and the 3 per cent annual commitment in real terms is unlikely to last another vear. Commitments will have to be cut. whatever the political difficulties. Will the British Army be brought back, either in whole or in part, from Germany? If so, it would fly in the face of the Brussels Treaty, which committed Britain to keeping 55,000 men in Europe indefinitely, and it would also upset both the Germans and the Americans. Nato navies are overstretched, although it might be hoped that the German navy would take a larger share in the eastern Atlantic. American bases in Britain are a prime target and the defence of our airspace leaves much to be desired. And should we make a contribution of more than a company (as Mr Nott has suggested) to an American Rapid Deployment Force in the Gulf? All these tasks are desirable in themselves: but we cannot afford to undertake them all indefinitely.

John Nott brings a certain style (he once awarded Sam Silkin, the Labour Attorney-General, with the "Clay Cross" for his services to socialism) to the greatest challenge of his career. He must steer the Ministry of Defence through a fundamental defence review. Will he adapt Britain's defence policy to our standing, that of a middle-ranking power, or will he bow to Establishment pressures? We shall see

Five on the short list for the 1981 Museum of the Year award

Five museums have been short-listed for the 1981 Museum of the Year award. They are the Broadfield House Glass Museum at Kingswinford, near Dudley; the Camden Works Museum in Bath; the Cecil Higgins Art Gallery in Bedford; the Eling Tide Mill at Totton, in Hampshire; and the Tractor Museum at Stocksfield, Northumberland. The award, which is sponsored by *The Illustrated London News* in conjunction with National Heritage, carries with it a first prize of £2,000 and *The Illustrated London News* Trophy, a porcelain sculpture by Henry Moore. In addition this year there will be prizes for the best small museum (the Imperial Tobacco Award of £1,500), the best museum in the fine and decorative art field (the Sotheby Award of £1,000), and for the best temporary exhibition (the Bourlet Award of £750). The awards will be presented in June by Mr Michael Heseltine, Secretary of State for the Environment.

Cecil Higgins Art Gallery





The Cecil Higgins Art Gallery in Castle Close, Bedford, has re-created in a Victorian mansion a suite of rooms which give the impression that a family of the late 19th century is still in residence. The period reconstruction begins in the hall, top, with its aspidistra standing on a table which hints at connexions with the Raj, its fashionable pot of peacock feathers which announces awareness of the Style Liberty, and the very latest in central heating to show how with the times the family is. Unusually, the children have a corner in the drawing room with a special chair, marbles, picture books, a boy doll and a fine dolls' house. The green wallpaper in "Chrysanthemum" design by William Morris can be glimpsed.

National Tractor Museum





The Hunday National Tractor and Farm Museum at West Side, Newton, Stocksfield, Northumberland, was started 17 years ago by John Moffit. In the museum's collection, which covers the whole range of agricultural development since the Industrial Revolution, are more than 140 historic agricultural tractors. These include a 1903 Ivel, restored to perfect working order, in the No 1 tractor shed, top. The collection is housed in buildings dating from 1806, whose original design has been retained, though they have been extensively renovated. Among buildings which have been moved to the museum are a Northumberland wheel house, known as a gin gan, above, dating from the mid 1800s. Few remain intact.

Camden Works



Eling Tide Mill



Eling Tide Mill, a Grade II listed building, is sited on a causeway at the head of Bartley Water, Totton, Hampshire. There has been a mill on the site for over 1,000 years—there is a Domesday listing. When it was taken into public ownership in 1975 it was derelict, with rotten timbers, undermined foundations, eroded brickwork and leaking roof. However, the machinery was intact, if in need of repair. The whole mill has now been restored to become one of only three working tide mills in the country, though in the 1930s there were over 40 of them. Of its two sets of machinery one forms part of a static display, the other has been restored to working order. Above is the bin floor after reconstruction.



The Museum of Bath at Work in Julian Road, Bath, presents a reconstruction of the factory of J. B. Bowler, who described himself as an engineer, plumber, general brass founder, locksmith, bell-hanger and maker of soda-water machinery. His firm was in business for 97 years and when it closed down in 1969 there became available a unique collection of working machinery, hand tools, brasswork, patterns, bottles, documents and so on—for nothing had ever been thrown away. These artifacts have been restored and reassembled in the Camden Works, an 18th-century building, where they present a picture which contrasts vividly with the traditional concept of Bath as a centre of elegant idleness and fashion.

Broadfield House





Broadfield House Glass Museum, Kingswinford, West Midlands, which opened last year, is this country's first local authority museum to specialize in the study and display of glass. Since the 17th century the area of Wordsley, Brierley Hill, Amblecote, Stourbridge and Kingswinford has been a centre of some of the world's best glassmaking and the museum, which is housed in an early 19th-century listed building, top, incorporates the Brierley Hill and Stourbridge glass collections. The displays concentrate on 19th-century Stourbridge glass and the work of such glassmakers as Benjamin Richardson, shown in the Richardson Room, above, but are complemented by English and Continental glass dating from the 18th century.

Prince Philip at 60

by Denis Judd

The Duke of Edinburgh is 60 on June 10. Though having no constitutional part to play in national or royal affairs he has nonetheless succeeded in creating a significant—and at times controversial role for himself in public life.

To be the consort of a reigning Queen is one of the most difficult tasks imaginable-although, happily perhaps, it is a rarity in the British experience. Before Princess Elizabeth succeeded to the throne in 1952 the precedents were not particularly encouraging. At the beginning of the 18th century Queen Anne's husband was Prince George of Denmark, a portly man who was devoted to his wife and to the bottle, in that order. Prince George made no discernible impact upon national affairs, or even upon the succession, for, although he fathered numerous babies, only one survived for any length of time into childhood.

Queen Victoria's husband, Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, provided a complete contrast to Prince George of Denmark. Not only did he help to ensure the succession with nine surviving offspring, but he also aspired to play his part in history. Indeed Prince Albert's inclination to interfere in national and international politics was at best inconvenient and at worst a dangerous threat to constitutional stability. Palmerston in fact believed that if Albert had lived longer he would have become a dictator. Since Victoria had made Albert officially her Consort, his position had indeed been a potentially dominating one. Moreover, his wife had doted on him, and he had been a man of considerable intellectual power and personal forcefulness. He had, however, hardly been a popular figure with his wife's Prime Ministers.

When Princess Elizabeth became Queen, therefore, her husband had two contrasting models from the British past. There was no possibility of so dynamic and thoughtful a man as Prince Philip retreating into the mindless and subordinate state of a George of Denmark. On the other hand the precedent of the Prince Consort provided more of a warning than a shining example. This was particularly relevant in 1952 in view of Prince Philip's qualities, which included a vigorously inquiring mind and a strong tendency to believe that his solutions to difficulties were the correct ones. One of the justifications of a constitutional monarchy is that the Sovereign should refrain from undue interference in the process of government, yet Prince Philip had already demonstrated a marked tendency to assert his own views-often in uncompromising terms. Would this lead to embarrassing confrontations at the centres of power and influence?

Prince Philip's upbringing had hardly been designed to produce a passive, uncontentious personality. Indeed there had been precious little design anyway,

since chance and misfortune had played a substantial part in shaping his personality. He had been born on June 10, 1921, in his father's villa "Mon Repos" on the Greek island of Corfu. His father was Prince Andrew of Greece, son of George I, King of the Hellenes, and formerly a Prince of Denmark. His mother, Princess Andrew, was Alice of Battenberg, sister of Lord Louis Mountbatten and of the second Marquess of Milford Haven. There was no Greek blood in Prince Philip's veins, only Danish, German, Russian and a

It is likely that he would have led the worthy life of a minor member of the Greek royal family but for the traumatic events of his father's disgrace and exile. In December, 1922, when the young Philip was 18 months old, Prince Andrew was convicted in a show trial of disobeying orders and abandoning his post in the face of the enemy during the recent war between Greece and Turkey. The family, which included Philip's four older sisters Margarita, Theodora, Cecilie and Sophie, were taken from Corfu aboard HMS Calypso.

From December, 1922, until his marriage to Princess Elizabeth 25 years later Prince Philip was effectively stateless and lacked a permanent home. In exile he lived first in France, then at various times in England, Germany and Scotland. His father had little money and was partly dependent upon the financial assistance of his more fortunate brothers Christopher and George. Help from members of the family enabled Philip to attend his first school, an exclusive infant establishment, The Elms, at



Princess Andrew of Greece, Prince Philip's mother, who spent the last years of her life at Buckingham Palace. Right, part of the Prince's schooling was at Gordonstoun in Scotland where his own sons have been educated.

St Cloud outside Paris. At The Elms he faced an early problem of identity when his class teacher asked him his name. At first he answered "Philip", but, when pressed, settled for "Philip of Greece". It was not until 1947 that he acquired a conventional surname-Mountbatten, at the suggestion of his uncle Lord Louis Mountbatten.

As a young child Philip was both belligerent and ebullient. His sisters Margarita and Sophie later remembered that "he was very pugnacious and the other children were scared to death of him". His teachers at The Elms considered him to be "a rugged, boisterous boy". He was by no means an academic high-flyer, although he was to develop a passion for sport, and later said, "I am one of those ignorant bums who never

went to a university, and a fat lot of harm it did me.'

At the age of eight he had to face the dispersal of his family. His much older sisters were gradually moving to Germany and their future husbands. More important, his parents' marriage was breaking up. Although there was nothing as vulgar as a divorce, Prince and Princess Andrew drifted apart. His parents' marriage foundered on a number of personal problems and incompatibilities, chief of which was the growing absorption of his mother in religious matters. Alice's increasing preference for the spiritual, as opposed to the fleshly, world, and the humiliating circumstances of Prince Andrew's exile, were powerful contributory factors in the estrangement.





As Philip's sisters proceeded to marry their German princes, he was shuttled from one set of aristocratic and royal relatives to another, finding a more permanent roof over his head only in Mountbatten homes—first with the second Marquess of Milford Haven, after whose death the younger brother, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Philip's well loved "Uncle Dickie", took over.

His schooling was no more settled. Within 10 years there were four: in France, England, Germany and Scotland. The most formative of these experiences was undoubtedly at Gordonstoun in Scotland where Prince Philip came under the influence of Dr Kurt Hahn. Hahn had been hounded out of Germany by the Nazis in 1933. He was a charismatic, quirky and unconventional educationalist who believed in offering his pupils rigorous intellectual and physical challenges, thus helping them to stave off the alleged decays of contemporary society. The Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme is, in effect, an updated expression of Hahn's philosophy, and undoubtedly successful. Although the Gordonstoun curriculum was not designed to produce academic geniuses, Prince Philip flourished, and Hahn believed that "He has the greatest sense of service of all the boys in the school ... [he] is a born leader.'

Philip's sense of service was soon to be put to the test in the Royal Navy. In the event, it provided him with an ideal environment within which to exercise his gifts for leadership and operational efficiency. He had graduated from the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth with prizes for being the best all-round cadet of his term and the best cadet overall. He went on to serve with distinction during the Second World War, and was mentioned in dispatches for his part in the battle of Matapan in 1941. Promotion came quickly and plainly on merit, though his connexions with Lord Louis Mountbatten can hardly have hindered him. His naval career was in fact set fair until the premature death of George VI in 1952 and his wife's accession brought it to an abrupt end.

In a way, his naval training provided Prince Philip with a bride as well. While he was a cadet at Dartmouth King George VI, Queen Elizabeth and the two Princesses paid a visit to the college at the end of July, 1939. A double outbreak of chicken pox and mumps among the cadets made it necessary to keep the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose away from possible infection. How should they be entertained while their parents continued with their official visit to the college?

This is where Philip of Greece made his entrance, at the suggestion, it must be said, of his uncle Lord Louis Mountbatten who was then the King's personal aide-de-camp. Was it stage-managed, as some suspect? Miss Crawford, the Princesses' nanny, later recalled Philip as "a fair-haired boy, rather like a Viking, with a sharp face and piercing blue eyes". He proceeded to make a notable impression on the 13-year-old Elizabeth, jumping over the net

on the tennis court and generally showing off. Miss Crawford remembered: "Lilibet said, 'How good he is Crawfie! How high he can jump!' He was quite polite to her."

There seems little doubt that Princess Elizabeth fell in love with her 18-year-old cousin at Dartmouth, and remained steadfastly determined to marry him despite the anxieties which her father was later to express as to whether she really knew her own mind. When the engagement was eventually announced in 1947 it sent a bright shaft of light and colour through the austere atmosphere of the postwar period—just as the impending marriage of Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer is providing some diversion amid the gloom and depression of contemporary Britain.

From their marriage in 1947 until the Queen's accession to the throne in 1952, Prince Philip and Princess Elizabeth in a sense lived somewhat conventional lives. He followed his career in the Royal Navy and appears to have been dominant in domestic matters; she was content to be, as well as heiress to the throne, the wife of an officer bound for high command, and the mother of a son born in 1948 and a daughter born two years later.

In February, 1952, the situation was transformed by King George VI's death. Nearly 20 years later the Duke of Edinburgh recalled his feelings: "Within the house, and whatever we did, it was together. I suppose I naturally filled the principal position. People used to come to me and ask me what to do. In 1952 the whole thing changed, very, very considerably."

In fact, he found great difficulty in adjusting to his new role. Michael Parker, his equerry, remembered that on George VI's death "He looked as if you'd dropped half the world on him. I never felt so sorry for anyone in my life." His cousin Alexandra, former Queen of Yugoslavia, later wrote: "Philip for some days felt stunned, as if he were anaesthetized and moving nervously in a vacuum. He was Consort to the Oueen and, in the first hours of shock, could well have echoed Prince Albert's despairing entry in an early diary, 'Oh, the future!'." Prince Philip's sister Margarita remembered his black depression immediately after George VI's funeral: apparently he would hardly stir from his room, saying gloomily, "You can imagine what's going to happen now.

Clearly he expected to be submerged amid the flood of official and constitutional business that would now flow directly to the Queen. This is not to say that he aspired to play the Prince Albert to Elizabeth's Victoria, to interfere in official business, or to get his hands on the red dispatch boxes. Indeed he was painfully aware that "constitutionally I do not exist".

The problem was twofold. First, could he still manage to play the protective role that he believed necessary to support his wife? Such a function would now be extremely difficult to fulfil; protocol and pre-eminence would all be

obstacles to his continuing to offer practical support. Second, could he manage to lead a satisfying and creative official career now that he was the husband of the Queen rather than of the heiress to the throne?

It is to Prince Philip's credit that he proceeded to carve out a role that provided a satisfactory solution to both problems. Reconciled to his constitutional impotence, he turned the situation to his advantage. Whereas the Queen was required to present a generally bland and impartial public face to the world, he could state opinions, ask awkward questions, poke and pry, even issue rebukes, in a way which would be impossible for a constitutional monarch. In short, he could act as public watchdog, and at the same time be "a sort of Chief of Staff" who could give the Queen the complete "lowdown on absolutely everything".

It has not been uncontroversial work. His capacity to speak frankly and to offer advice (often to experts) over a wide range of topics has irritated as many people as it has pleased. The view expressed to British industrialists in 1961 that "I think it is about time we pulled our fingers out" has passed into the national folklore, but raised eye-

brows at the time. Numerous other interventions have effortlessly created banner headlines like "Duke Angers Drainage Men", "Philip in Tinned Fruit Uproar", "A Right Royal Rumpus", and so on. There is little doubt that this combative approach keeps people on their toes, though not everyone finds it comfortable. At the very least, however, it proves that a leading member of the royal family is involved in the nation's affairs, and able to make articulate interventions that owe nothing to the skills of official royal speech-writers.

One result of Prince Philip's outspokenness is that journalists scenting 'good copy" pay close attention to what he says. Although this is inevitable if his views are to find a wide audience, the relationship between the Press and the prince has often been strained and unhappy. The Duke of Edinburgh resents press prying as an attempt to disrupt his, and his family's, privacy. Some newspapers in turn have been critical of him. Until the early 1960s the Beaverbrook group of newspapers conducted an often acrimonious vendetta against the Mountbattens in general. In part this was due to Beaverbrook's feud with Lord Louis Mountbatten, which was based on the latter's handling of



Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip became engaged in July, 1947. They first met eight years earlier when he was a cadet at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.

Royal Wedding

The Illustrated London News will be publishing a special number to celebrate the wedding of Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer this summer. The issue will include a portfolio of portraits of the couple and of members of the royal family, as well as many other illustrations, and there will be special articles by Sir Arthur Bryant, Robert Lacey and Margaret Laing, an illustrated history of previous royal weddings and an advance look at arrangements for July 29. This special issue will go on sale during the third week of June, and will cost £2.50.

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Prince Philip at 60

the wartime Dieppe raid and upon his alleged "surrender" of India when Viceroy. It may also have been due to Prince Philip's position as a controversial consort; if, in turn, criticisms had to be levelled at the monarchy, then it seemed quite acceptable to use him as the chief target.

The Duke of Edinburgh did not take these slights without retaliation, once calling the Daily Express "a bloody awful newspaper. It is full of lies, scandal and imagination. It is a vicious newspaper." Nor did he spare newspapermen in general, dousing reporters with a sprinkler at the Chelsea Flower Show, and once, on the Rock of Gibraltar, confronted by journalists and the famous apes, asking ingenuously, "Which are the monkeys?" More recently, however, an atmosphere of greater mutual tolerance has been achieved, though it would be foolish to dismiss the possibility of a future confrontation.

Not all of the Duke of Edinburgh's public activities are likely to make the headlines in the popular newspapers. Like Prince Albert, he has devoted much of his time to promoting the inter-

ests of technology, the sciences and industrial design. Here his obvious involvement and his keen awareness of the issues at stake has thrown the prestige of the monarchy behind causes that often lack glamour in the public imagination. His concern for the environment, although somewhat uneasily combined with a predilection for shooting wild animals, has been consistent and productive. Naturally he does not always get his own way, and despite his capacity to bully and cajole, government departments and public bodies can often resist his lobbying.

Above all he has been responsible for modernizing and improving the image of the monarchy. He has achieved this partly through encouraging reforms within court circles—the scrapping of the presentation of debutantes, for example. But his public deportment has also been influential. Nobody would call Prince Philip an egalitarian, indeed his political sympathies are clearly with the right wing; nonetheless, his affable, nononsense, sympathetic and shrewd approach make it possible for many of his wife's subjects to identify with him. He embodies a managerial efficiency, which is encouraging in a nation increasingly anxious over its commercial



The wedding of Princess Elizabeth and the newly created Duke of Edinburgh took place at Westminster Abbey on November 20, 1947.

and political competence.

His role as husband and father, though inevitably more difficult to assess, has also been influential and productive. His relationship with the Queen has remained solid and caring, although not free of the occasional trauma and conflict of interests. Certainly he is still as concerned for her welfare, and as protective and supportive, as in the early days. Thirty-four years of child-rearing, friendship, affection and mutual respect have not been wasted, and they are still able to talk to each other a lot and to laugh together a good deal—which helps to lighten the load of official duties.

Despite the Queen's constitutional precedence, Prince Philip has not taken a back seat in domestic matters. His forceful and dominating personality has, for instance, been an essential ingredient in the development of his children. Perhaps surprisingly, he has avoided the disciplinarian excesses of George V, and has summed up his philosophy by saying, "It's no use saying do this, do that, don't do this, don't do that . . . It's very easy when children want something to say no immediately. I think it's quite important not to give an unequivocal answer at once. Much better to think it over. Then if you eventually say no, I think they really accept it."

His children do seem to have accepted his paternal influence with good grace. Discussion, especially as they got older, was an important prelude to significant decision-making. This was apparently true of the choice of schools. Prince Charles has admitted that, "My father had a particularly strong influence, and it was very good for me. I had perfect confidence in his judgment." But he added, "My parents were marvellous ... They'd outline all the possibilities and then it was up to you." Despite the discussion, however, it is worth noting that Prince Philip's three sons have all followed him to Gordonstoun.

None of Prince Philip's children has so far turned out to be first-class academic material. Prince Charles gained an average BA Honours degree in History at Cambridge, Princess Anne has had no higher education (despite being Chancellor of London University), Prince Andrew does not seem destined for scholastic honours, and Prince Edward is still at school, though doing well there. Their father has certainly not expected great things of them in this respect. Of school reports he said, "I really don't take them frightfully seriously. I say: 'Look, I'm only going to bother if you're permanently bottom. I really couldn't care less where you are. Just stay in the middle, that's all I ask."

At least the four children have gone to schools, albeit private ones, rather than received home tutoring, and this has been part of a broadening of experience that both the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh thought essential. Prince Philip does not believe, however, that his children can be formally trained for the official responsibilities that they are obliged to shoulder. He has said: "Training isn't necessary. They do onthe-job training so to speak, and learn

the trade, or business or craft, just from being with us and watching us function and seeing the whole organization around us. They can't avoid it. What is much more difficult is bringing them up as people."

Prince Philip's family responsibilities have not been confined to his own children. After George VI's death in 1952 he was the leading adult male in a close family relationship with the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, and his own mother, Princess Andrew of Greece. Princess Andrew spent her last years in a suite on the upper floor of Buckingham Palace, dying in 1969. Given her eccentricities of behaviour this could have been a difficult period for the Queen and Prince Philip. But Lord Mountbatten even went so far as to claim that "My sister was completely normal at the end. People simply couldn't believe it when they met her . . . at Buckingham Palace she had more influence on the Queen than anyone. The Oueen adored her and she adored the Queen. She is fond of her mother [the Queen Mother], but she got on infinitely better with my sister." Even allowing for some Mountbatten hyperbole, Princess Andrew's last years seem to have been well spent



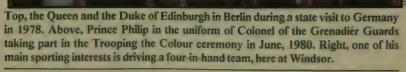


Top, Prince Philip with Princess Elizabeth and their first-born, Prince Charles, March, 1949. Above, an informal portrait of the Oueen and Prince Philip taken at Balmoral by Patrick Lichfield to mark their silver wedding in November, 1972.













Prince Philip at 60

at Buckingham Palace.

The royal family also had to face the difficulties that arose from Princess Margaret's wish to marry Group Captain Peter Townsend. Townsend and Prince Philip do not seem to have got on particularly well, although the reasons for this are not altogether clear. At any rate, according to Townsend, when Princess Margaret first told her sister of her love for him, "Prince Philip, as was his way, may have tended to look for a funny side to this poignant situation . . . I did not blame him. A laugh here and there did not come amiss." This was plainly not a hostile reaction, though not an obviously sympathetic one. Other commentators, however, including the former Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia, have claimed that the Duke of Edinburgh disliked the speculation and rumour surrounding Margaret and Townsend "just as he disliked anything that could diminish or threaten the dignity of the Crown". Another observer claimed that Philip opposed the prospective marriage: "His sense of propriety was outraged, his belief in discipline flouted, and his strong sense of loyalty betrayed. He felt that Margaret was letting the side down."

If Prince Philip had opposed the Townsend match, he warmly approved of the subsequent marriage of Princess Margaret to Antony Armstrong-Jones. Indeed, he introduced Armstrong-Jones to the Queen as a replacement court photographer after the death of Baron. At Margaret's wedding it was the Duke of Edinburgh who gave her away. He later spent time giving Armstrong-Jones some coaching on the deportment now expected of him: how to walk purposefully into a crowded room and make straight for the person with whom you wanted to speak; what to do with one's hands when on public display, and so on. It is worth noting that Armstrong-



Jones adopted, in almost comical fashion, one of his brother-in-law's most characteristic postures—his handsbehind-the-back, inquisitorial stance. When in 1978 Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon were finally divorced, Prince Philip and the Queen faced up to the problem in a constructive manner.

At 60 years of age Prince Philip can look back on a life crammed full of private and public activity and achievement. Not that he is likely to retire early, or sink back into a mumbling, contemplative old age. His vigour and his interest in events seem undiminished, and his capacity for hard work as pronounced as ever. He has made enemies as well as friends as the Queen's Consort, and it is unlikely that he will steer clear of controversy during the next decade of his life. The nation, one suspects, would prefer it if he carried on doing what he already does so well: asking difficult questions, turning the public's attention to unpleasant facts, speaking out in terms that the man or woman in the street can easily understand. His exequerry, Michael Parker, put it very well when he said: "I don't think he's let up. I've watched it over the years, and he keeps up this incredible pace, and I've actually said to him from time to time 'Hey-what about it? It's time you eased up somewhat.' And, you know, he grins a bit, and he says, 'Well, what would I do? Sit around and knit?' There's never been a word of complaint, about his work, or his life. And I only hope that . . . the United Kingdom shows its gratitude for what he's done ... for the constant flogging up hill and down dale and around the world, and in and out of film premières . . . and making ... speeches, and never really stopping. Because they're the most extraordinarily lucky country to have him."

*Denis Judd is the author of *Prince Philip: a biography*, published in hardback by Michael Joseph at £8.95 and in paperback by New English Library at £1.75.



Top, Prince Philip with the Queen and the Queen Mother at the funeral service for Lord Mountbatten held in Westminster Abbey on September 5, 1979. Top centre, inspecting a passing out parade at Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, in April, 1980. Above, a portrait taken during the state visit to Tunisia last year.

) 2

The giant of the Karakoram

by Stephen Venables and Paul Nunn

Last year a small team of British climbers set out to conquer Kunyang Kish, the highest mountain of the Karakoram range between Pakistan and China.

second highest mountain, there is a formidable ensemble of difficult and high mountains near the continental divide range, which extends for about 20 miles above the Hispar glacier. In 1961 an English attempt on the south side of the mountain ended in tragedy when some of the members disappeared on the 7 mile long, high altitude ridge south of the summit. In 1971 a Polish climber died in an avalanche on a similar route before expeditions' supplies up to the Hispar the eventual success of four of his glacier and beyond. We hired 16 men. friends, led by the formidable Alpinist each of whom carried 56lb, and with Andrzei Zawada. Theirs was a large party besieging the mountain with the full paraphernalia of fixed ropes and a multitude of camps. In 1980 it was the turn of the shoestring approach, Alpine style, as Stephen Venables recalls .

with my brother in the summer of 1979. We spent five happy days climbing from the apricot orchards of the Hunza valley to the snowy summit of an 18,000 foot virgin peak. It was from that insignificant bump that I first saw the massive, complex faces and ridges of Kunyang Kish, towering above the Hispar glacier 30 miles away. Our climb had been enjoyable but undernanding, and I intended to return the following summer to attempt something more serious. At the time I little thought that I would be aiming for the remote summit of Kunyang Kish.

During the winter Phil Bartlett and I made plans, tentatively choosing a comparatively modest 22,000 foot peak near Hunza. Then in May Dave Wilkinson contacted us; he had permission to attempt Kunyang Kish but was short of a team. Did we want to join him? We both knew Dave only slightly. but we knew that he had an impressive record of hard Alpine climbs, many of them done in winter. We also knew that Kunyang Kish had the reputation of being difficult and dangerous. We had serious doubts-did we want to attempt such a mountain when the chances of success could be minimal? But in the highest and most beautiful mountains in the world was too tempting. We each paid £100 into the expedition fundand were committed. In early July the three of us left for Pakistan.

were busy buying supplies, packing about 15,000 feet. All the time we were

Forty miles west of K2, the world's porter loads dealing with official formalities and, at the hospitable British Embassy Club, downing our last gin and tonics for several weeks. After nine between China and Pakistan. Kunyang days we left for the mountains with Kish (25,760 feet) is the highest of this Wali, our affable liaison officer, who was a tremendous help in our dealings with the people of Gilgit and Nagir.

We drove quickly up the new Karakoram Highway to Gilgit and then on by jeep, with a half ton of food and equipment, to Nagir, where the villagers earn a fortune every summer carrying them set off along the desolate gorge of the Hispar river. On the second day the monotony of a slow march was broken by a tremendous barrage of boulders crashing down from thousands of feet above, but amazingly no one was killed I first visited the west Karakoram and the worst injuries were minor bruises. On the third day we reached the village of Hispar and from there continued for another three days up the Hispar glacier and round to a grassy ablation valley above the Khiang glacier. We reluctantly paid out 11,000 rupees (£520) to the porters, said goodbye and set up our base camp.

Plans to climb the untouched north side of Kunyang Kish were based solely on a photograph. We had optimistically traced a route up the picture, hoping, that the real thing would prove feasible On a bright, frosty morning Phil and I went to have our first look at the face.

We set off enthusiastically across the rubble-strewn hummocks of the glacier. Progress was slow through the tortuous boulder jumble, but we gradually curved our way round the flanks of the mountain; and then we finally saw the north-west face-10,000 feet of steep snow, ice and rock, gleaming against a deep blue sky. We were welcomed by the roar of a huge avalanche falling the length of the face; but to the left a prominent spur stood clear of the menace of falling ice. This spur was the intended route, an attractive and logical line leading to the skyline at about 22,500 feet. From there we hoped to climb the north end the lure of a new route up one of the ridge to the summit. The route looked feasible and we returned to base camp in a mood of exuberant optimism.

Work now started in earnest, Twice more we made the tedious journey up the glacier, carrying 50lb loads of food We arrived at our base camp 18 days and equipment. A tent, "advanced after leaving England. In Islamabad we base", was pitched on the glacier at



gradually acclimatizing to higher

altitudes, but the main problem was to

find a route from the glacier up on to the

spur. One afternoon Dave went ex-

ploring and spotted a likely route: a

snow gully bypassed the ice-fall above

advanced base, leading to the upper

glacier basin, and from there a 1,500

foot snow slope led up to the crest of the

spur. Before trying the route we had to

wait in base camp for a five-day storm

to pass. Then we made a third carry to

advanced base, slept there briefly and

left at 2am. Climbing in the cold hours

of darkness was essential as the gully

was raked by stone-fall during the day.

I did not enjoy that morning. From

the start I lagged behind, isolated in a

lonely pool of torchlight with the sound

of crampons crunching on hard, frozen

snow. I stopped far too often to lean,

gasping, on my ice axe. The upper snow

slope was a prolonged struggle, a slow,

panting, wobbly-legged zig-zag up 45°

snow and ice-Himalayan climbing at

Two days later we returned with

its most perversely masochistic.



suddenly I was coping with the thin air. and lungs and limbs were working together in a steady rhythm. In the early morning we emerged on to the spur and followed its delicate, curling crest to a sheltered hollow at 19,000 feet, where we made camp one. Rather than carry up a tent we dug a snow-hole. Two dubbed it "Sod's Law Peak" hours' work, digging into a deep snow bank, produced a cave with room for two to sit up and lie down full length. We slept there that night, our first-ever night in a snow-hole. It was sheltered and that you can never be sure of in a wind-

The following day we saw China. After a slow, cold climb of six hours we reached a point just below the start of the north ridge. It was a rewarding moment: the mountains of China stretched far away to the north-east, silvery blue in the early morning light; and to our right the north ridge led temptingly up to ing avalanches to slide down from

more supplies, and this time I kept up the summit. The only problem was a small peak between us and the main ridge. We had hoped to climb round the back of it, but now saw that this was impossible. We would have to climb up the steen face and over the top. So far the route had gone smoothly and it was annoying to be confronted suddenly with this obstacle. We irreverently

We had gone far enough for that day and there was a cold, biting wind, so we made a cache of food, stayed long later enlarged it to sleep three. Phil and I enough to eat a frozen Aero bar and descended. We returned to base camp for more supplies. It was good to come comfortable and provided the security back down to our comfortable tents and well stocked larder. We waited for up the food cache we climbed up the another four-day storm to pass and then set off back up again.

> camp one we had to break a trail through deep, new snow. We stopped at 21,000 feet to dig a second snow-hole. The weather broke again that night and it was still snowing in the morning, caus-

above. We were kept busy shovelling and excavating to keep the snow-hole entrance clear. The following night the weather cleared and at midnight we began the slow process of cooking a meagre breakfast and then laboriously putting on anoraks, overboots and crampons. In the dark we climbed up the steen face above to the food cache. Occasionally we clawed bare ice with the front points of our crampons, but for most of the way we were kicking steps in steep responsible for himself and glad not to

We now had to solve the problem of Sod's Law Peak. After a detour to pick steep face of the peak. Apart from one section of unpleasant ice there were no The route was transformed: above real difficulties; but it was a timeconsuming climb and the sharp, corniced ridge beyond the summit required tremendous care and concentration. More worrying than the climbing was the weather. The sky was rapidly filling with clouds as we descended to the start

be fettered by heavy perlon line.

of the north ridge, and the wind was rising quickly. While we dug out camp three, we were blasted with wind-flung snow and Dave's luxuriant beard sprouted enormous icicles.

The wind was still blowing in the morning, but we had enough food and gas for a week and were hopeful of a chance to climb the remaining 3,000 feet to the summit. The snow fell steadily, continuing for four days. We lay inert in our sleeping bags, each of us dreading the moment when it was our turn to get up and clear the snow-blocked tunnel entrance. It was always a claustrophobic experience, pushing head-first through the suffocating powder, to emerge, gasping, into the stinging wind outside. Back inside the hole, boredom was the main problem. We had no books with us and we had to eke out our food carefully, so conversation was our main source of entertainment.

During the fifth night the weather cleared. We set off optimistically to climb towards the summit, but half an hour's floundering in waist-deep, new snow convinced us of the futility of the attempt. Clearly we had to descend; but the deep, new snow on the slopes down to camp one would be in extremely dangerous condition, so we waited another day to let the worst of the avalanches slide. Finally, after a sixth night at 22,500 feet, we descended. It was a tense, worrying experience, passing through a chaos of fracture lines and avalanche debris: we were only thankful that we had not been descending the previous day when the avalanches were falling. We reached advanced base with a deep feeling of relief, to find Paul Nunn and Tony Riley prostrate with sickness, as the former recalls.

When Tony Riley and I had arrived at Bulurung, base camp was totally deserted and had been for a long time. Dave's note was not very explicit: "August 10. Gone up to advanced base under the north-west ridge of Kish." It was now August 23. We were tired after a protracted hike to the Hispar pass and Tony still had one heavy load to bring up from the Royal Geographical Society camp at Dachigan. I was woefully vague about which ridge was under siege-there had not been much time to discuss it-so I took a look at the maps.

Eric Shipton's survey of 1939 had marked a glacier cutting deep through the north-west flanks of Kunyang, and neither the Poles nor the Japanese in the 1970s had deviated from that. At least the Poles should know-they climbed snow. We climbed unroped, each man the mountain in 1971. A few miles farther north the main Khiang glacier swung north, but from it Kunyang Kish was sealed off by a high ridge.

Very early Tony left for Dachigan and the last load. At 7.30am, carrying extra supplies, I was crossing the Khiang ice aiming for the steep-looking tributary glacier opposite our camp. It struck me that one reason for Dave's long absence from base might be that the route from there to his next camp was difficult or dangerous. After an hour I reached the foot of the tributary glacier. It began as an ice-fall



The north ridge of Kunyang Kish. making a dangerous descent in deep, new snow after climbing to within 3,000 feet of the summit at their first attempt.



The giant of the Karakoram

sandwiched between steep granite walls, flattened a little above, and was then cut right across by a steeper ice fall replete with séracs and menaced to the south by the enormous slopes descending north from the west ridge of Kunyang. Above this at 16,000 feet was a flattening out, one further ice-fall and then what appeared to be an intrusion of rock rognons before what promised to be an extensive and flatter glaciated region. Up there I hoped to find a trace of the camp.

The sun had scarcely touched the ice and moraine in the sandwich, for the Khiang is a gloomy, dark valley, overshadowed by too many high mountains. Reflections began to play from the dizzy Yosemite walls on the left, but mercifully none of the expected stone-fall materialized until the first ice-fall was almost past.

The easiest angled route through was on the right, with fewer séracs and relatively stable but hard, old ice. On close inspection it was feasible but everywhere pockmarked by former stone-fall from the 8,000 foot north face above. For the time being it was in shade, but the thought of getting back down it late in the day gave me the tremors. Soon I was safely back in the middle of the glacier; my problem remained.

Cheese, a biscuit and chocolate helped my fevered brain. The glacier was of an unusual structure. There were few deep crevasses but there were ice cliffs and hanging séracs on a huge scale. Undoubtedly one would be able to move quickly even up the middle of the fall. There seemed to be a gangway of a kind, though whether it would lead to the upper plateau was uncertain.

So I strapped the crampons on hard and went fast up the fall, which was still fully frozen. The detail was beautiful, picks and points biting deep in the ice, bridging up a shallow chimney, a traverse across a pleasant easing, a steeper ramp going far out left above large ice cliffs, a pull over an over-

Coming out of the couloir, with the base camp at Bulurung in the valley beyond, on to the slopes of Kunyang Kish.

hanging lip with the picks hard into the green stuff above, intricate, quickly but carefully executed. Unfortunately the surroundings were horrific. Most of the action took place under the two continuous bands of overhanging and honeycombed ice cliffs which cut across the whole fall. Everywhere ice blocks from earlier falls were a reminder of the possibilities. Crampon marks were the guide on a super-rapid descent without pause until I was beyond the shadow of the central ice cliffs.

Like many difficult matters this one remained unresolved, despite a big E for effort. At midday I could not yet admit defeat. There remained the rock couloir, endlessly trailing up behind a granite pillar, then veering into a higher network of gullies which would ultimately allow unpleasant ascent of a small rock peak.

Scrambling in the gully was obnoxious and long, but there was no

stone-fall. Occasionally I peered at the ground for a sight of footmarks and seemed to discern a hint—they would be two weeks old. Still I was not sure if the others had come this way. I set off across a quarter of a mile of steep moraine traversing towards the ice.

Glancing ahead the traverse was loose and long, while the likelihood of the glacier's continuing shrank by the minute. The north side of Kunyang was vast, ridge upon ridge, sérac upon sérac. In the midst of reverie there was a rumble and I was upside down, sack over head, involuntarily sliding on the steep hill-side. That soon ended among blocks below. The routine checking followed—right ankle; left knee, pain but not too bad; bruised back; some blood attracted attention—left hand, ice axe. Pick neatly penetrating hand in crucifixion manner. It was 2.30pm.

As fast as I could manage I crossed moraine to the ice. Solid bridges of ice led through big holes to the upper plateau and I cut only a step or two. No one was there and névé snow protected the last half mile to the top. At last kneedeep snow allowed safe but exhausting steps towards the desired view. At 3.40pm I crested the cornice.

There was no link with the vast glacial expanse which lay beyond but a 50° ice slope scoured with runnels. A descent that way would have been technically possible but totally pointless.

The descent was purgatory, and fear was followed by fever and yellow-eyed hepatitis. When Stephen and co came down in a healthy search for more food to boost their efforts we were both beyond participation. Stephen continues...

There was just time for a second attempt. Dave, Phil and I spent three days resting and eating before making the laborious 7,000 foot ascent back up to camp three, thinking that we could not have such bad luck with the weather a second time. But once again, just as we were poised for success, a storm struck and we were marooned for five nights.

It was now September. Our supplies had run out, we were overdue at our jobs in England and our one interest was to get safely down off the mountain. For the last time we made the worrying descent to advanced base, moving slowly and carefully, knowing that we could not afford the slightest lapse of concentration until we were safely down on the glacier. We arrived at the solitary tent on the second morning and continued down the glacier that afternoon. Wali was waiting for us at base camp, warm, welcoming and sympathetic. We talked excitedly about the events of the past few weeks and then retired to our tents to sleep deeply for 12 hours.

A day later seven porters arrived to carry our equipment down to Nagir. This time we did the journey in two days, hurrying down to the world of fields and trees, music, people and fresh food. Already we were starting to forget our bitter disappointment in the excitement of returning home. We had failed to reach the summit, but we had managed to survive and return safely to enjoy life in the valley



What better memento of that special occasion than one of Bell's porcelain decanter range. Four sizes, from quart to miniature, each containing specially selected Scotch Whisky, make them the ideal gift, no matter how small or large the occasion.

Special occasions come in different sizes



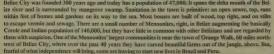




















St George's Cay, where in 1798 British settlers, who had been in the colony since 1638, with the help of the Navy defeated the Spaniards. Today one of the last British outposts is at Cadenas on the Guatemalan border, centre left, where the flown from a home-made flag post cut from the surrounding igningle. An Air Force helicopter arrives every 10 days with relief troops. All that will remain of the British presence when independence is granted will be the colonial buildings in Belize. Government House, the cartly 19th-century home of the British Governor, James Hennessy, above left, who is responsible for defence and external affairs, has already been superseded by the governor's residence in Belmopan, the new capital. Built in 1970, the city lies 50 miles inland on ground reclaimed from the jungle. It has failed to attract inhabitants of Belize City such as the woman, left, and its present population of Agolos is made up manify of government offlicials.

Black for the Summer





John Player Special

THE COUNTIES Patrick Moore's

Photographs by Colin Curwood

Sussex by the sea . . . once a proud, in- into West and East. dependent kingdom, now one of the morland, created such hideous new-

have obliterated Rutland and West- Kent is; it is not dominated by coalmines or tranquil lakes, and it is neither comers as Cleveland and Avon, and particularly hilly nor particularly flat. In mercilessly shifted whole towns from this, surely, lies its charm. It is a county one county to another. Not even the of many landscapes and many moods, minster would dare to touch Sussex; to be swamped by the ever-spreading Sussex simply would not permit it. It metropolitan octopus, in the manner of

There are some Sussex regions which It has never had one overriding may be called commuter country, but best-loved of England's counties. Ap- characteristic—at least not since its there are others which are too far out propriately it has been left untouched by days as a Saxon kingdom. It is not the particularly since only a few of its the recent bureaucratic atrocities which Garden of England, as neighbouring towns, such as Brighton, are really well served by British Rail.

It has a major airport, Gatwick, which is fast rivalling Heathrow. It also has a new town, Crawley. I remember Crawley in the 1930s as a tiny, placid most revolutionary chieftain of West- and it is sufficiently far from London not village; there was the little main street, with the ancient George Hotel, and very little else. When the planners moved in, even raised its eyebrows at being divided parts of Surrey, Essex and even Kent. Crawley was transformed into







The sea-front at Brighton, whose holiday resort popularity is enhanced by the romantic quality of its narrow back streets. Left, the village of Poynings with its Norman church tower seen from the Devil's Dyke, a neolithic hill-fort on the South Downs. Far left, the 500 foot high cliffs of Beachy Head.



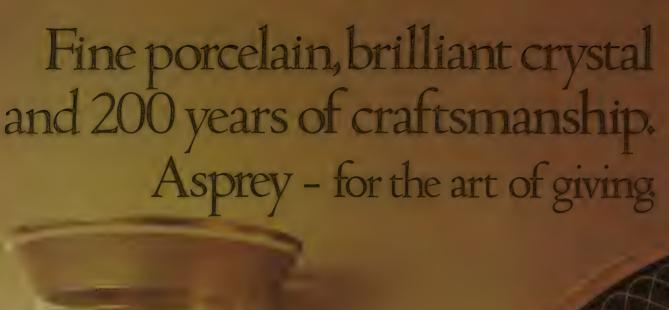
An early spring pastoral near the village of Colworth. Right, Bodiam Castle, the last of England's military castles, was built in 1385 and is surrounded by a moat. Though it looks complete, it is in fact a roofless ruin







Typical Sussex pubs like The Cricketers outside Petworth have managed to retain their individuality. Left, the shingle beach and pier at Hastings, William the Conqueror's base before he set out to defeat Harold II at Battle in 1066.





Established 1781



Sussex

what it is today, but at least it is still more or less confined; open country still separates it, for instance, from East Grinstead, one of the old coaching-stops between London and the coast.

East Grinstead, too, has been transformed to some extent, partly by deliberate intent and partly by Hitler's bombers. The black-and-white buildings in the upper High Street remain, but the road has become busier and busiersomething which has affected many other Sussex towns as well. True, they have lost something of their charmthe weekly markets have faded into obscurity, overshadowed by the supermarkets and the huge departmental stores—but on the whole Sussex has been able to save most of its population centres from being changed into concrete jungles.

There is rich history in Sussex. Chichester, a Roman town, retains its atmosphere despite what is almost certainly the most confusing one-way traffic system in the whole of south England; unquestionably it was designed by a committee. The famous Cross may be a hazard to motorists, but as it comes into view when you walk down South Street it is both dignified and distinctive. Parts of the Roman walls remain; but if you are really interested in the Occupation, you have only to go a few miles down the road and visit

Fishbourne, where you can see the remains of the palace once ruled by King Cogidubnus. There is not much vertical structure, but the colourful mosaic is a reminder of those bygone days. Moreover, it is excellently arranged and organized, a credit to its county. Go also to Bignor, some way inland, where there is another Roman villa—and Roman roads are to be found everywhere.

More recently there has been the greatest of all Sussex battles, perhaps the most significant in the whole story of our island. There can be nobody who does not remember the date 1066, when Saxon England came to its dramatic end, not actually at Hastings but at Battle. You can walk where King Harold walked (or, rather, rode); you can see the lovely old Abbey; and you can go on to Rye, one of the most peaceful and beautiful of all the smaller Sussex towns even though it is no longer on the coast (but Camber Sands are near by, if you feel inclined to go for a swim).

Inevitably much of the coast of Sussex has been built up, and during summertime crowds flock there, enjoying the sunshine in one of the sunniest parts of England, and the beaches. For sheer size Brighton is unrivalled, and here, too, there is history, because it still has its Regency Pavilion and much else to remind us of the man who reigned over the country for 10 years before he became officially King George IV. Brighton is a town of two moods. It is a holiday resort, with ice-cream





The Cuckmere river rises near Heathfield and flows south-west to the English Channel. At its mouth is Cuckmere Haven, once the haunt of smugglers. Top, Rye's hilly, cobbled streets and historical houses make it one of Sussex's most peaceful and beautiful towns. It was one of the original Cinque Ports.

Sussex

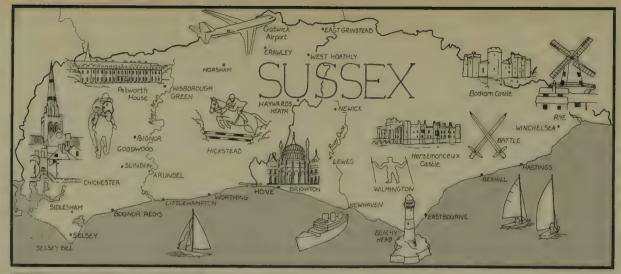
parlours, funfairs and hotels; but I wonder how many of its visitors take the trouble to explore its narrow, romantic back streets, which seem to hide themselves from the public eye? Eastbourne is more overtly dignified; Hastings, I always feel, comes somewhere between the two in its outlook. To the casual visitor Brighton's rock-androll contrasts sharply with Eastbourne's symphonies and concertos.

Then there is Bognor, which became Bognor Regis in the earlier part of our century, when King George V was sent there to recuperate. Perhaps it is rather unfortunate that the town is always associated with the famous last comment by the dying monarch when told that he was almost ready to go back there. "Bother Bognor", is a bowdlerized version of what he is alleged to have said. Bognor Regis today has its Butlin's and its holiday atmosphere; frankly I have a great affection for it, if only because I lived there until I was six years old, and to me it seems a home town. I prefer it to Littlehampton or Worthing or Bexhill, but I admit to being prejudiced. I suppose the time will come when the whole coast between Bognor Regis and Brighton is built up, but I hope that it will not be yet.

Sailors of all kinds have a great love of Sussex, which is not surprising; there can be few lovelier sights than Chichester Yacht Basin on a sunny day. Selsey Bill sticks out into the sea, and there can be trouble offshore; I wonder how many lives have been saved by the famous lifeboat? I live in Selsey, which prides itself on being older than Chichester, and I would not leave it even though it has grown so much during the past decades; mercifully all roads to it end in the sea and the planners have no chance to spoil the village by building a through road, as they have done at Wittering and Bracklesham. Erosion has taken its toll. The sea has edged in, and one can still meet old men who remember fields and houses where the ocean now rolls. Years ago-it must have been in or before 1927-I talked to a very senior citizen who told me that he could recall hearing the bell of the old church which has long since been swallowed up. Nowadays the erosion has more or less stopped, partly naturally and partly through the construction of a massive sea wall. Farther east the situation has been reversed; there is now land where there used to be water, and Winchelsea belies its name.

But do not forget what lies inland; there is often too much concentration on the Sussex coast, glorious though it is (and the view from Beachy Head is as magnificent as anything in Britain). Arundel is dominated by its Castle; Lewes retains much of its old-world atmosphere. Other towns like Horsham and Haywards Heath are perhaps less distinctive, but hardly less pleasant; I would never speak against them.

All in all, it is perhaps in its villages that Sussex shines most brightly. There





Sussex Area 935,223 acres Population 1,322,500

Main towns

Chichester, Bognor Regis, Worthing, Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Crawley, Horsham, East Grinstead. Main industries

Tourism; electronic and electrical engineering; mechanical engineering; pharmaceuticals; agriculture.



Domes of the Royal Greenwich Observatory in the grounds of Herstmonceux Castle, a 15th-century fortified manor house. The Observatory moved there in 1948.

are endless numbers of them, some hidden in the hills, others doing their best to forget the existence of main roads passing by them. Slindon, Newick, West Hoathly (pronounced with a long \overline{y}), Chelwood Gate, Robertsbridge, Wisborough Green... one could go on and on, and each has something of its own to offer. Most of them have their ponds, their narrow streets and their village greens where cricket is played during the summer. Their bowlers do not hurl down Lillee-like thunderbolts, and their batsmen do not wear crashhelmets and armour plating; yet without village cricket there would be no Test Matches, and Sussex is one of the cradles of this most noble of all games.

Then there are the pubs, some of

them ultra-modern and sophisticated, others remaining very much as they have always been. At Chidham there is even a brewery—I believe it is the smallest in Europe, but it certainly provides excellent beer. Somehow the typical Sussex village pub has retained its integrity; long may it continue to do so.

There are flat parts of the county, but there are also the Downs, which may not be Himalayan in altitude but which have a gentle beauty which is irresistible. Naturalists love Sussex, and so do birdwatchers. I am not a bird-watcher (the only feathered birds I can recognize with absolute certainty are the robin and the hen), but there is always the chance of finding something unexpected. Not long ago, at an inlet near Sidlesham, I

spied a curious bird which I later found to be a flamingo, though I doubt if it could be regarded as indigenous.

Sussex is a large county. To the east lies Kent; to the west, Hampshire, to the north, Surrey and the beginnings of London. Despite its variety, Sussex seems, to me at least, to be different from its neighbours. Drive across the border to Tunbridge Wells, or Petersfield, or Dorking, and you are at once aware that Sussex has been left behind—I do not know why; and when I return to Sussex I am always glad.

I have left until last something which is of special importance to me. The English have always been a seafaring nation; the centre of all navigation and timekeeping was the Royal Greenwich Observatory, set up in the Park by direct command of King Charles II (who, typically, paid for it by selling "old and decayed gunpowder" to the French, way back in the 1670s). In our own time the lights and smog of London have cast a garish gloom over the Greenwich skies, and by the time of the war it had become painfully clear that the Observatory would have to move. But where to? There could be nowhere but Sussex; and the picturesque Castle at Herstmonceux, not far from Hailsham, became the new Greenwich. The Castle today looks outwardly just as it has always done, but inside it is the nervecentre of British astronomy, and the grounds have sprouted domes in the manner of mushrooms. The largest of the telescopes, the Isaac Newton reflector, has been reluctantly shifted to a still better site in the Canary Islands, but plenty of other telescopes remain, and from here our scientists (and those of other countries) explore events taking place in star-systems so remote that the light from them now reaching our eyes started on its journey even before the Earth itself came into being.

Can one ever claim to a complete knowledge of the whole of Sussex? A few people can, I suppose, but not many; there is so much to see. There is something for everybody, whether you prefer the grandeur of the Downs, the charm of Lindfield, the bright lights of Brighton or the yellow beaches of King George's Bognor. Other counties have different merits, and no two are alike; but having seen most of them I say, emphatically, that Sussex will do for me

Letter from Peru by E. R. Chamberlin

The author saw the popular sights, such as the world's highest lake and largest adobe city, and found Peru to be a country of wide scenic, architectural and cultural contrasts.

Shortly after midday the crowd begins to gather. By 2pm it stretches as far as the eye can see down the broad avenue. At 3pm the enormous shrine comes out of a side street. Its bearers, wearing the purple penitential costume, are invisible in the crowd so that the gold and silver, flower-bedecked monster seems to be floating. It has an immense mahogany base which bears the miraculous painting of Christ, framed in solid gold and silver. This is the shrine of El Señor de los Miraglos and this processionperhaps the most famous in South America-first took place in 1747 when an earthquake all but destroyed Lima, and has been held every October

The shrine turns slowly, ponderously. Although it looks weightless the sheer inertia of the thing would overwhelm its bearers and they have spent hours practising the necessary turns. The shrine is followed by a brass band which plays the same melody-harsh, plangent, hypnotic-over and over again until the mind is in suspension and the body is insensibly drawn to follow in the crowd.

That crowd is incalculable in numbers. It forms a single, natural force, an irresistible flow of human flesh. Even at the fringes, where cautiously I remain, the pressure is terrifying. Gradually the weaklings-women, young children and myself among them-take refuge in doorways while that awful tide flows on. The procession is quite silent except for the shuffle of shoes and that braying music that draws them on and on. We remain until at last the shrine disappears in the murk, and in its own clouds of incense, and the pressure begins to reduce and so releases us.

As an Anglo-Saxon I was disconcerted; as a European, bewildered. Was this a Spanish or Indian phenomenon? That ambivalence seems to go all the way through South American society. The Colombian anthropologist and poet, Arciniegas, speaks of his fellow South Americans as walking a tightrope between their Spanish and their Indian heritages, "ever veering now to the one, now to the other"

The dichotomy is most obvious and dramatic in Peru, the heartland of the last great non-Caucasian empire in the Americas. Over four centuries have passed since the conquistador, Pizarro, killed the last Inca, Atahualpa, and established this city of Lima, during which the two races have interbred and exchanged customs, ideas and religions. And still they are separate. Even in Lima the elder culture is powerful.

The old town has been developed too drastically for much of its architectural flavour to remain. The cathedral is still there, with Pizarro's pathetic mummy as chief tourist attraction. The splendid

balconies-Spain's undoubted legacy which has become characteristically Peruvian—still grace the surviving older buildings. But this is a city which could be anywhere.

Nevertheless, the real Peru is right on the doorstep of the most determinedly cosmopolitan hotel-usually in the form of a diminutive, melancholy, anxious, indestructible Indian woman suckling a baby, as like as not, selling sweets, cigarettes or genuine native crafts which are still, remarkably, genuine native crafts, often begging. But surviving. One feels that long after our too complex civilization has crashed she will continue as she has always done, scarcely aware that the Caucasian has come and gone his noisy way.

Among the Spanish descendants there does not seem to be much love for the mother country. The last great battles in South America were fought between Spaniard and Spaniard; the ubiquitous triumphal arches and monuments record the moment of breaking the last link with the viceroyalty. "I've never been to Spain, never will," said one elegant young woman vigorously. She bears the family name of one of Pizarro's captains, visits Europe frequently, delights in London and Paris and Rome but will not even consider going to Madrid. Why not? "We had to throw them out. And look what they did to the Indians, who are my ancestors, too, you know.'

The switch in ethnic loyalty is new, judging by the evidence in the Museum of Art. The paintings there reflect Peruvian society from the 16th to the 20th century. Or, to be exact, they reflect what Spanish-Peruvians thought to be important in that society-and not until the 1950s is there the faintest evidence of interest in the fantastic world they had conquered. Standard religious art dominates in the early period. In the 19th century, this gives way to portraits of grandees in stiff uniforms and their ladies encased in voluminous garments. In the 20th century, the ladies take tea in drawing rooms or are portrayed prettily at prayer in churches. No Indian face obtrudes; the awesome landscape of the Andes might not exist; the artifacts and ornaments are what one would expect to find in a provincial Spanish town, except that they are encrusted in gold. From the 1950s onward, however, landscapes and Indian settings not only come into their own but predominate. And this same museum has a superb collection of the major native Peruvian art form, anthropomorphic pottery.

To the European, accustomed to the state's acquiring most major works of art, it comes as a surprise to find how much of Peru's heritage, priceless in

both monetary and cultural terms, is still in private hands. The awe-inspiring Gold Museum, with its literally dazzling collection (see this month's For Collectors, page 68), is private property; so, too, is the Rafael Larco Herrera Museum with its unique archaeological material. Even the quite ordinary hotel in which I stayed in Lima boasted an incredible collection of huacasceremonial pottery grave goods. The proprietor was proud to show me his collection, if anxious to avoid publicity.

A few weeks later, while passing through the city of Trujillo farther up the coast, I stayed briefly in a hotel which possessed another collection of huacas. But there the owner was reluctant to discuss his acquisitions. I made the mistake of tendering the letter of introduction that Unesco had given me to the receptionist and asking for an interview. After a while she returned, slightly embarrassed. "Señor-is not in." As we had exchanged nods a quarter of an hour ago, it was evidently a polite rebuff.

Later I discovered why. Peruvian law forbids export of huacas. They come on the market only through grave robbery, but so widespread is the practice that there is a more or less recognized tariff ranging from around 10,000 sols (about £12) for a plain or common piece of pottery or fabric, to 50,000 and upward for the anthropomorphic works.

"It is something we are endlessly combatting, not only here but throughout Latin America," Sylvio Mutal told me. "Have a look at this." He passed me a cheaply produced, popularly presented pamphlet i Salvemos lo Nuestro! (Save our own!) Prominent among its lively illustrations was one showing an Indian peasant selling a huaca to a shifty dealer. The setting could have been Peru but the pamphlet was published in Ecuador.

Sylvio Mutal is the regional coordinator for the ambitious Unesco programme that goes under the resounding name of Proyecto Regional de Patrimonio Cultural Andino. As the first waves of package tourism break on South America, following unprecedented explosions of urban population and industrial development, the cultural framework of the continent is under sudden attack. Cities that have scarcely changed since the time of the viceroyalty are suddenly threatened with "European development". Peoples who for generations have scratched a meagre living from the soil or from small-town trades suddenly have the opportunity of earning the fairy gold of tourism.

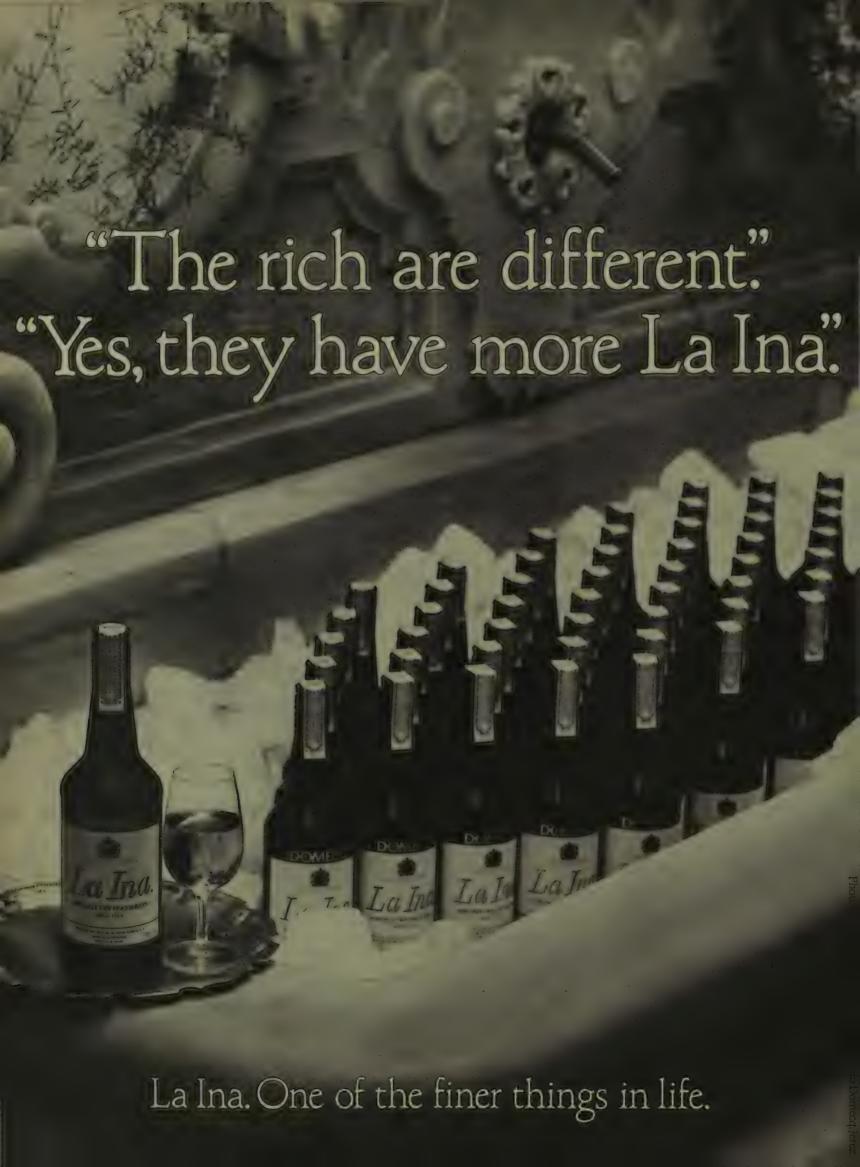
The Unesco project recognizes that cultural origins and problems transcend national boundaries. In this case the vast range of the Andes serves as the "patrimony", providing a cultural link

for the half dozen or so political states scattered along it. The project provides a general umbrella, in each country, working through and with the national institutions. Peru has a particularly important role to play in the project, for the major centre for art restoration is in the beautiful Andean city of Cuzco, once the capital of the Inca empire.

Mutal, an effervescent, multi-lingual, explosively energetic Dutchman works from the plushy offices of the UN in Lima. In his department the lingua franca is Spanish or English and there is an infectious air of enthusiasm and pioneering. On the day I visited him, he was giving a dry run of a lecture he was to deliver in Belgrade on the work of the project. Everyone in the department from deputy to office boy was present, criticizing, commenting, contributing. He has a vivid turn of phrase. Speaking of the textiles which are being removed from the desert graves, and which deteriorate rapidly thereafter, he remarked, "Life is killing what death has kept alive." He is a vigorous opponent of the fossilization of monuments-"they should be alive, not turned into museums"-and what he calls the Hilton type of development. "Latin America is a living museum. Go to any market place and you can see the past walking past you. That's what we must defend.'

It seems scarcely possible that Lima, a city of more than four million inhabitants, is a desert city. But a half-hour drive provides stark evidence. The houses peter out, the brilliant flowers cease and there is nothing but the dreariest possible landscape—grey dust stretching to a lowering grey sky. But wherever there is water the desert explodes into colourful life and about 4 miles outside the built-up area of Lima is just such an oasis. A drive runs beneath great eucalyptus trees, past neat lines of dark green potato plants, to arrive at a beautiful modern building set behind a small water garden. On the entrance wall is an extraordinary mosaic-a squat figure holding curiously shaped formalized plants. The figure is an Inca deity, the plants are potatoes and this building is the International Potato Centre, known as CIP from the acronym of its Spanish initials. The potato, after being taken to Spain as a curiosity in the 16th century, has returned 400 years later to its place of origin for an intensive scientific study.

"It's very nearly the ideal foodhighly nutritional, easy to cultivate, cheap, prolific. But it grows only in temperate climates and the hungry countries that desperately need such a food are, in the main, tropical." CIP is the brainchild of the speaker, Dr Richard Sawyer, a tall, rangy, sardonic American with an impressive *** >



Letter from Peru

scientific record and a passion for potato research. He founded CIP in 1967 with the direct encouragement of President Belaunde, who promulgated a presidential decree for the purpose. Today CIP employs over 400 people, some 350 of whom are Peruvians. Not all the work is done there. Tissue culture, for example, is contracted out to Birmingham University. But Peru, the mysterious home of the potato, is where most of the fieldwork is done. CIP has four plantations, providing four totally different environments ranging from Huancayo, 10,000 feet up in the Andes, to San Romano down in the jungle.

Finding a mutation that will thrive in lowland tropics is a major part of the experiments, but for an outsider the most dramatic part is "the quest for true seed". Traditionally, potatoes are grown from tubers and about 2 tons are needed to plant 1 hectare. Quite apart from the problems of logistics there is the sheer waste of putting what is, in fact, 2 tons of food into the ground. A CIP scientist calculated that it would take a family of five about 40 years to consume those 2 tons of seed potatoes. After years of trial and error CIP has at last succeeded in producing potatoes from seed. About 1 ounce of the fragile, spicy-smelling white seed equals some 2 tons of tubers. That, coupled with the fact that the seed can grow in tropical areas long deemed unsuitable for potatoes, is likely to have as enormous an effect on world health as the use of DDT in malarial areas.

Some 500 miles up the coast is Trujillo, another desert city, smaller than Lima but with even more spectacular contrasts. At the airport there is no indication of civilization apart from the buildings, and the sea of dust and sand seems on the verge of overwhelming them. But here again the miraculous effect of water is demonstrated: the buildings are embowered in a brilliant blaze of flowers, temperate as well as tropical. Roses, sunflowers, dahlias, nasturtiums and hibiscus light up the drab surroundings.

Trujillo itself is depressing. Pizarro founded the city, naming it after his birthplace and, once you look beyond the rather ramshackle fronts, there are some splendid examples of Spanish colonial architecture. In recent years some excellent restoration work has been carried out. The Casa Urquiaga, which the Banco Central del Peru acquired in 1973, is an outstanding example of how private enterprise can rescue a beautiful but decrepit historical building. The bank has restored its series of delightful courtyards, centred round a fountain, and turned it into an informal museum.

There are a number of these large houses, built around cool courtyards in the Spanish manner, and delightful they are. But the builders of Trujillo were obsessed with the Latin passion for straight lines and the repetition of identical street corners, separated with mathematical exactness, is disconcerting. At midday, when the tropical sun

stands directly overhead, these endless perspectives are almost surrealistic.

Trujillo is a major communication centre. Flights go from here to Lima and northward to Cajamarca, that highland town where the unfortunate Atahualpa fell into Pizarro's trap and so ended the great empire. And it is from Trujillo, too, that the huge buses and battered, crammed taxis leave for those towns in the high Andes that are not served by aircraft. And just outside the city are the remains of an ancient city extraordinary even in this land of ruins.

Chan-Chan is the world's largest adobe city which in its 13th-century heyday boasted a population of at least 50,000 people—testimony to a highly developed science of irrigation. At ground level the size of the place is less evident than from the air, even though some of the walls are nearly 20 feet high. The adobe blocks, made out of the material underfoot, are exactly the same shade and colour as the surrounding desert so they melt into the background.

Once the visitor has penetrated the towering outer wall he enters another world. Chan-Chan is a city of the Chimu culture, built in about the 12th century and overwhelmed by the Incas barely 60 years before they fell victim to the Spaniards. The Pacific Ocean that supplied the people with most of their protein thunders a few miles away and is the main theme of this desert city.

Cormorants and sea-otters figure in stylized ornaments wrought in basrelief, linked by the reticulation of fishing nets. The city itself is built like a maze, an effective means of defence, and the section open to the public, known as the Palacio Tschudi, is only one of nine immense compounds each built on the same plan. The State acquired control as late as 1952. Before that, according to Pedro Puerto, a local artist who also acts as highly knowledgeable guide, "On the Day of the Dead [November 1] entire families would descend upon Chan-Chan to dig for treasure in the graves. They believed that on that day treasure would rise from the depths." In a sense treasure has risen from the depths, for the pottery that formed the main part of their discoveries is increasing in value as the once despised "ethnic art" acquires sale-room significance.

Puno, 6am. The station is already crowded though the train will not leave until 7am. It is the only train of the day; it leaves when it is ready so it is as well to be in your seat before that happens.

The difference between Puno, its sister cities of the high Andes and thosé of the coastal desert is so great, so spectacular, that they might be in different continents, not simply different regions of the same country. The Andean towns run along the spine of the enormous range at heights of 2 miles and more above sea level. Most foreign travellers arrive by air and there is a recommended drill until labouring lungs accustom themselves to the rarefied air: rest, do not over-eat, avoid alcohol and drink yerba, a pale green, aromatic herb tea known to the Incas which acts as a mild stimulant.

I had been exploring the altiplano, the vast tableland which seems to be on top of the world, and was about to embark on a remarkable train journey. In a little over 400 miles the train descends from snow-storms to banana trees, from Puno on Lake Titicaca, the world's highest and dullest lake, to Machupicchu, the "lost city" of the Incas lying in a tropical valley.

There are no first-class seats available. I am neither by temperament nor pocket a first-class traveller but the horror stories that circulate about second-class travel and its cheapness encourage upper-class investment. There is a thriving black market in first-class tickets but this I did not discover until it was too late.

The second-class carriages are a solid mass of humanity. Three shy little girls, part of a school party, edge their way along a seat designed for two and I perch on the edge of my seat. This will be my only resting place for the next 12 hours during the 200 mile journey to Cuzco. The train offers a remarkable variety of casual dangers. There is a large hole in the middle of the floor in which, inevitably, a child becomes trapped. The lock on one of the doors is broken so that the door flies open with a crash every time the train heels to the right. People pass constantly between the carriages via two swinging, grinding platforms. These perilous perches are crowded, even though a single slip can cost a foot or hand. A blind musician and his grandson make the journey with the insouciance of familiarity.

And always there is the constant movement of Indian women selling food, ranging from flat loaves of bread to huge chunks of roast pork. Each wears a brightly coloured shawl in which, as often as not, a child is bundled up along with vegetables. Each carries a bundle of wares, achieving miracles of balance clambering in and out of doors-and windows-while the train rackets along. One of them, an old woman, rests her bundle on my conveniently close shoulder while she negotiates a sale and I am astonished by its weight. She carries this along with a huge bag of fruit.

The train pulls into a wayside halt and is immediately overwhelmed by more saleswomen. The tourists, in their turn, pour out of the first-class section, intent on recording the "quaint, primitive scene" on film. One young girl, wearing a traditional brilliant skirt and top hat, a child at her breast and an offering of little cakes in her hands, is pounced on by a German with an enormous camera. Immediately others join him. For three or four minutes the bewildered girl is surrounded by glittering electronic equipment. Satisfied eventually, the photographers stop taking pictures. Timidly she offers her wares but the tourists wave them aside, even though their monopoly of her has cost her the few precious minutes of the halt.

We have been travelling now for six hours. We have climbed La Raya, the highest point, passing flocks of llamas and vicunas, and begin to descend. The flat, rather dreary altiplano gives way to splendid pink and green valleys where there is a bustle of springtime activity. The Andean plough, that crude wooden tool pushed through the earth by brute force, seems the clumsiest thing possible. But on these tiny, irregularly shaped fields, some at an angle of 45°, it is marvellously manoeuvrable, the ploughman picking it up bodily to swing it at an angle to the oxen. The potato fields are dark green against the pink, looking like steep, green-tiled roofs.

The train clanks into the Cuzco valley shortly after 6pm, into the apocalyptic splendour of an Andean sunset, silver and blue with towering cumulus clouds at eye level. The town is the same colour as the surrounding hills, for the reddish brown tiles are made on the spot. The journey continues the following morning even though the final destination is less than 200 miles away, for there is nothing at Machupicchu but haunted ruins and a minute hotel.

The train should depart at 6am but again it leaves when some mysterious agency decides. It takes half an hour to travel little more than half a mile, for the valley beyond Cuzco ends in an immense hill and the train goes backward and forward half a dozen times, inching its way before achieving the ridge and beginning the long descent that will take us into another world. We pass through rough moorland, then rich alpine meadows and into a zone between temperate and tropical, the boundary marked by swathes of beautiful, sweetsmelling golden broom. And as we plunge down so the Andes reveal themselves as a titanic mountain range and not simply as an abstract measurement of height. The peaks are curiously zoomorphic in shape, now resembling saurians at rest, now like vast, shrouded human beings. The little stream beside the track widens, tumbling with great velocity, and becomes the Urubamba. They say that a stick thrown into it here will float to the Atlantic 2,000 miles away, for this little stream eventually links up with the Amazon.

The land around becomes lusher and at the wayside halts the Indian women bring enormous bouquets of herbs, in particular the sweetish coriander that seems to flavour every dish. The peaks crowd closer; the valley narrows, the river grows ever more tumultuous as we pull into Aguas Calientes, the shanty town that has grown up around the track, catering for a tougher class of traveller than those who come down by train from the comfortable hotels of Cuzco. You can get a bed here for about 40p, providing you do not mind sharing a room with half a dozen others who may or may not be of the same sex. Beyond Aguas Calientes the train brushes through the gaudy yellow and crimson of wild banana flowers before coming to a halt beneath what seems to be a vast tombstone. Machupicchu, the last refuge of the Incas, lost to man until Hiram Bingham discovered it in 1911, is still inaccessible except by this train, still mysterious despite the hordes of tourists that now debouch upon it

The missing mosaic of Panayia Kanakaria

by Joan Wynne-Thomas

A magnificent early Byzantine mosaic, representing the Virgin and Child, has disappeared from a remote church in the Turkish sector of the island of Cyprus. The author describes the work in detail and draws attention to its historical significance.

Many cultures, both eastern and western, have contributed to the life style and social customs of the island of Cyprus, and between the time of its emergence from the ancient world—from which period much of considerable value has been excavated—and the present day, 13 civilizations have ruled.

It is uncertain why the Cypriots joined the revolt against Persian rule in 499-498 BC, but their attempt was a failure, and they were utterly defeated. However, after the later Athenian victory over Persia, Cyprus experienced a period of changing fortunes and comparative prosperity under King Evagoras of Salamis. At that time the island adopted a form of Greek culture, which has never entirely disappeared.

After the Pax Romana and the policies subsequently imposed by Constantine the Great (AD 306-337), the culture of the ancient world came to an end. No future epoch was to have so decisive an effect on the island as the eight and a half centuries during which it was part of the eastern Byzantine empire, influenced, as that empire was, by its Hellenistic as well as Oriental origins. The eastern Byzantine system was reflected in the social structure of the island, with the majority of its citizens working as artisans in the towns, organized into guilds, and as tenant farmers in the country. Over all was a small ruling class of officials, clergy and landowners.

In the middle of the fourth century 12 bishoprics were established in Cyprus—there had previously been only four-and it was under the Bishop of Karpasia that the beautiful church of the Panayia Kanakaria at Lythrankomi was originally built. Lythrankomi is a small village situated towards Cape Andreas, the most easterly promontory of the Karpas area. There is no town nearer than Famagusta or Nicosia, both of which are more than 50 kilometres away. To the south-west is the large village of Trikomo, with its exquisite, tiny church of St James (late Byzantineearly Lusignan period). The whole area is given over to growing tobacco, with some olives and fruit. The mountains of the northern range bound the district to the north-west.

A short distance from Cape Andreas on the north coast, and nearly on the seashore, are the remains of the Baptistry and Basilica of Ayios Philon, erected in memory of a bishop of that name, which are alongside a considerably older pre-Christian temple.

There are fine examples of Byzantine building all over the island, but the only other church with notable mosaics is that of the Panayia Angelikitisti—"built by the angels" or "built without hands"—at Kiti near Larnaca, in the south of the island.

The church of the Panayia Kanakaria is of the post-iconoclastic period, though the apse which contained a fine mosaic is considerably earlier than the existing church, being part of a basilica dated to the fifth-sixth century AD. This basilica was timber-roofed, and only one or two columns and the apse remain. It was possibly destroyed by fire or earthquake, by a combination of the two, or by a Saracen raiding party; and a vaulted church, incorporating the original apse, was built in its place.

The roof is barrel-vaulted, but the central dome is a late edition and is probably part of restoration work carried out in 1779. The vaulted lateral aisles and the remains of some of the wall paintings are of the 11th century. The surrounding buildings were originally monastic, but later became part of a farm. All the buildings presented a harmonious whole, as they were all in the local honey-coloured stone, including the church.

The apse was glorified with a magnificent mosaic, albeit not complete, which was originally published by Ia.I.Smirnov, in Kristianski mozaiki Kipra in 1897, but there has been some later publication by the Department of Antiquities for Cyprus in a pictorial catalogue (A.Papageorghiou) in 1965, with a foreword by Dr Vassos Karageorghis. According to Smirnov the mosaic was equal in workmanship, colouring and "in fineness of tesserae" to anything in Ravenna or Rome; but the later publication, though likening it to sixth-century mosaics in Ravenna and in St Catherine's monastery on Mount Sinai, talks of a "lack of plasticity, and comparatively large tesserae". I know Ravenna well and would not agree that the tesserae are much larger, and certainly the colour and quality of the glass are equally fine.

According to Smirnov the mandorla which surrounded the All-Holy Virgin





Details from the border of the 12 Apostles, top, and the Christ Child, above.

was a unique feature in early Byzantine art. In this case it was an enclosing glory of dark-blue and gold. The Oueen of Heaven was seated on a throne, of which only the outline remained, clothed in a dark blue mantle. The head and face remained only in outline, but a large part of the body was intact and the figure of the Child was almost complete. The Christ wore a blue tunic, with a whiteand-gold mantle, and the left arm of the Virgin rested lightly on his knee. The Nimbus was cruciform and in gold. Originally two archangels flanked the central figure, which was an arrangement typical of Byzantine Cyprus, but only the head and upper part of the body of one remained. The whole group was enclosed in a border representing the 12 Apostles.

The Virgin, as here represented, is said by Papageorghiou to be the most ancient representation of the Cypriot

type of the Virgin, as defined by Smirnov, but it is of interest that a number of silver ampullae from Palestine, especially from Bethlehem, show the Virgin seated on a throne with the Child sitting upright on her knees and, although she is meant to be holding Him, no hands are shown. On the ampullae two flanking angels or archangels are also shown as in the mosaics at Kanakaria and Kiti. Scholars vary in their dating of the Kanakaria mosaic, but sixth to seventh century is most generally accepted.

Since the war of 1974 the church of Panayia Kanakaria and its mosaic have been inaccessible to the Department of Antiquities in Nicosia, under whose care they had formerly been placed. Several reports have now indicated that the mosaic has been vandalized and probably broken up. Its present whereabouts are unknown

The Palomar giant

by Patrick Moore

Drive up the winding road to the top of Palomar Mountain in California and you will find one of the most famous buildings in the world. You come upon it almost without warning; it is a huge dome, as large as the Pantheon in Rome, graceful and imposing. Inside it is the 200 inch Hale reflecting telescope, whose giant "eye" allowed astronomers to see farther into space than ever before.

It is no accident that Palomar was chosen. The Observatory is well over 5,000 feet above sea level so the air is generally clear and transparent; the nearest city, Los Angeles, is many miles away and until recently its lights gave no trouble to astronomers who wanted the sky to be as dark as possible. The telescope was brought into use in 1948, and for over a quarter of a century remained incomparably the largest in the world.

It was the brainchild of a remarkable American, George Ellery Hale, who began his career as an observer of the Sun but who knew that to study the remoter parts of the universe it is necessary to use telescopes of tremendous light-gathering power: the stars are so remote that their light, travelling at 186,000 miles per second, takes years to reach us, and there is never enough available light to satisfy the astronomer. So Hale planned reflecting telescopes with huge mirrors and persuaded friendly millionaires to finance them.

The first of his great reflectors, with a 60 inch mirror, was completed in 1908 and set up on Mount Wilson, within sight of the city of Los Angeles. It was followed nine years later by an even larger telescope, also on Mount Wilson, which had a 100 inch mirror and quickly proved its worth. But Hale was not satisfied. His call was always for "More light!" and he saw no reason why there should not be a reflector with a mirror no less than 200 inches in diameter. Financial backing was obtained. after seemingly endless negotiations, and construction began, Sadly, Hale did not live to see the telescope completed. He died in 1938 and it was not until a decade later that the giant "eye" was first turned skyward.

It had already become clear that Mount Wilson was not an ideal site. The lights of Los Angeles were becoming ominously brilliant, and so the new telescope was destined for Palomar, which is much farther out. All sorts of problems had to be overcome, including the replacement of the old mountain track by a proper road, and the mirror itself proved to be difficult to cast; quartz was tried, with no success, and pyrex was eventually substituted. But in the end all was well.

Go into the dome and the first thing you will see is what looks like a giant horseshoe. This is the mounting of the telescope which, though it weighs 500

tons, can be moved smoothly and with absolute precision. Inside it is mounted the telescope itself, which has no solid tube but is of a skeleton construction, with the main mirror at the bottom. The light from the object under observation comes through the opened slit in the dome, strikes the mirror and is reflected upward, so that it is brought to focus at the observer's "cage", slung inside the tube itself. There is no need for a secondary mirror, as there is with smaller telescopes, and there is, therefore, no extra loss of light. The mirror itself is accurately curved to within a tiny fraction of a millimetre, and is coated with a thin layer of aluminium to make it as reflective as possible.

A telescope collects light; a spectroscope splits this light up, giving information about the nature of the light-source. Since the stars and starsystems look relatively faint, the aperture of the main telescope is allimportant, and the 200 inch was responsible for a complete revolution in astronomical thought. Take, for example, the case of the short-period variable stars known as Cepheids. These stars do not shine steadily but brighten and fade, and the way in which they behave gives a key to their real luminosity, from which their distances can be calculated. Using the Hale reflector in the early 1950s Walter Baade found that the variable stars in the external galaxies were much more powerful, and hence much more remote, than had been believed. It followed that the galaxies in which they lay were also more remote and Baade showed that the observable universe was twice as large as had been expected.

In Hale's day almost all astronomical work was carried out by means of photography, but electronic devices have taken over and the 200 inch has proved to be well adapted to the new techniques. Moreover, the observer can carry out his work in relative comfort.

Objects in the sky send out radiations at all wavelengths; visible light makes up only a small part of the total range. Radio telescopes, for instance, collect and analyse the very long-wavelength radiations that cannot affect our eyes. In the early 1960s it was found that strong radio emissions were coming from what looked like a faint bluish star. Using the 200 inch, Maarten Schmidt studied the optical spectrum of this object and discovered that it could not be a star or a normal galaxy; it was extremely remote and almost incredibly luminous. This was the first "quasar".

It is true that some smaller reflectors are more sophisticated than the 200 inch, but their planners have been able to build on the experience gained at Palomar. But there can be no doubt that the Hale reflector will remain in the forefront of research for many years to come. Never has one telescope told mankind so much in so short a time

A chime of bellflowers

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

The sheer diversity of garden flowers always amazes me. They come not only in all colours and sizes but in so many shapes: globes, cups, trumpets, stars and discs which may be rayed like daisies or, like show pansies, made up of a few large petals. Some are asymmetrical and remind us of different animals and birds. Foliage is just as varied.

One of the most beautiful flower shapes is the bell, and the definitive bellflower is the campanula. There are nearly 250 species of this gentle flower, most of which come from round the Mediterranean. The *RHS Dictionary* lists about 130 species, not counting varieties, and if many of these are small, specialist Alpines, and others are of insufficient interest as stock for nurserymen, there are still plenty left.

Nearly all campanulas are soft hyacinth or harebell blue or white, colours which set off crimsons, rose pinks and creamy yellows and seem more natural to the bell flowers than some of their hybrids. To me only the biennial Canterbury Bells, Campanula medium, look happy in mixed pink, white and violet. If you want Canterbury Bells in your garden next summer sow the seed now in shallow drills and by autumn the seedlings, if cared for, will be large enough to transplant. Another biennial to sow now is tall C. pyramidalis, the Chimney Bellflower, a superb border plant or tall pot plant to stand on the floor. A. M. Coats tells how this plant got its name when it became fashionable to grow it as a summer ornament as long ago as the 17th century; this use has persisted in some country houses to this day.

Most campanulas are perennial and flower between June and September. Many are of good, upright shape and flourish almost as well in light shade as in the sun. It is when you start hunting through catalogues that you have to be careful. The first three that come to my mind are C. lactiflora, C. latiloba and C. latifolia, a daunting trio. It helps to know what their names mean. C. lactiflora in the wild has milk-white flowers, the pale blue of skimmed milk. "Improved" forms have been selected so you may prefer dark blue Prichard's variety and C. I. superba. They are 3-5 feet high making handsome back-ofborder plants with hundreds of small. open bells in mop-heads. I saw an illustration of the effect of light on flower colour in a garden where these grew profusely, looking deep blue in the shade and pale blue in the sun. You can get pale pink Loddon Anna and a miniaturized dwarf blue form Pouffe, but my garden can do without them.

C. latifolia means having broad leaves, up to 6 inches across. The plant, steeple-shaped with long bells hanging from strong stems up to 4-5 feet above large basal rosettes, naturalizes well and

is lovely in light woodland and a good doer in the open. Named forms are Brantwood, dark violet blue, and Gloaming, pale mauve blue.

C. latiloba, 2-3 feet, gets its name from a botanical difference in the calyx but its real difference lies in the wide, cup-shaped bells, attached all the way up the stems without flower stalks. It is usually sold in its dark blue form Percy Piper and goes well with Sweet Williams, marigolds and other cottage-garden flowers. There are white forms of all these three campanula.

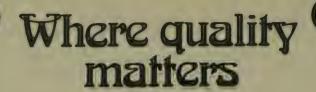
A campanula often seen in gardens, which I imagine as the silver bells of "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary", is C. persicifolia (peach-leaved). The narrow-leaved, flat, basal rosettes are unmistakable. From these spring wiry stems on which hang large, rounded bells in blue or white, the best blue being Telham Beauty, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet. C. Burghaltii is a hybrid, tall, with large, pale greyish mauve bells that open from purple buds. These two are meadow flowers used to having their stems upheld by grasses and other plants so they may need a little discreet staking.

C. allariaefolia, 18 inches, is graceful with nodding, creamy white bells and greyish, heart-shaped leaves, a perfect plant for a white garden. C. glomerata, 1-2 feet, is a complete contrast with dark violet-purple open bells bunched at the top of the stem. The best variety is Joan Elliott and there are white and pale blue forms. I find it tends to ramp but it can look wonderful with shrub roses and Sweet Williams.

Campanulas are easily raised from seed and some seed themselves too liberally, but a little work with a hoe soon puts paid to unnecessary seedlings. But avoid the nettle-leaved beliflower, *C. trachelium*, except for wild woodland, as it spreads like the plague, has deep roots and stalks that snap off if pulled, and is almost impossible to eradicate from a flower bed.

Coming down in scale I find C. carpatica a useful front-of-border plant which forms mounds of large blue or white flowers a foot high. As flat ground cover we have a choice between the old C. muralis, now called C. portenschlagiana, which is a neat and tidy plant, and C. poscharskyana, a real ramper for covering ugly corners in sun or shade with pale blue stars, but not a companion for treasured plants.

Alpine enthusiasts will know Fairies' Thimbles, C. cochlearifolia, C. allioni, a quaint, small plant with large flowers, and C. zoysii which Anna N. Griffith compared with a flight of tiny blue torpedoes in Collins Guide to Alpines. She bequeathed the royalties to the Alpine Garden Society who have recently published Mountain Flower Holidays in Europe, a must for plant lovers (£8.85 from D. K. Haselgrove, 278 Hoe Street, Walthamstow, London E17 9PL)



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In praise of Venice

by David Tennant

There is only one civilized way to enter Venice for the first—or indeed the 101st-time and that is by water, alighting somewhere along the busy Riva degli Schiavoni or the Molo leading to the great Piazza San Marco with the Gothic colonnaded Palazzo Ducale, the ornate Duomo and the magnificent Campanile as a back-drop. This approach provides an appropriately romantic, even dramatic, introduction to this wonderful city, whose citizens can be forgiven for their lack of modesty about their home and their commercial attitude to the hordes who flock here annually from every corner of the globe.

Unfortunately, apart from a few enterprising souls who use the *motoscafi* (water-taxis) from the airport, the vast majority of visitors enter Venice through the dowdy back-door across the road and rail causeway from ugly, polluted Mestre. But base yourself in the splendid Hotel Cipriani on La Giudecca just across the eastern entrance to the Canal Grande and you have the incomparable pleasure of sailing into and out of Venice as often as the fancy takes you, as the hotel has its own motor launch service, operating day and night, linking it with the San Marco quay.

No city is more rewarding of leisurely exploration than Venice—and leisurely it has to be since it must of necessity be done on foot or by boat. Wear a pair of strong shoes since the flagstones, marble floors and solid staircases are hard on the feet; and equip yourself with a good map-there are many published commercially, or you can get one free from the helpful tourist information office in the forecourt of the railway station. Plan a route for your wanderings but do not rush-even if time is short. The Venetians do not hurry; even in the height of the summer season when it seems as if half the world is here you will see the locals taking their time, pausing to engage in animated conversation in the narrowest of alleys, oblivious of those anxious to rush past.

The city sits on 114 islets, is crisscrossed by 177 canals spanned by 459 bridges; and it has a labyrinth of alleys, streets and squares which make the maze at Hampton Court a study in simplicity. You will probably get lost-but it is of little consequence as you will soon arrive at some spot you can pinpoint on your map. Keep a look out for the helpful yellow signs on the corners of many buildings which indicate the direction (sometimes in opposite ways at the same time) to one of the more familiar sights, such as the shop-lined Rialto Bridge where Shylock did business or the Piazza San Marco, known simply as "Piazza" and called by Napoleon "the drawing room of Europe'

Wherever you wander keep your eyes and ears wide open, for Venice is a

city of unexpected delights, of flashes of beauty where you least expect it, of amusing incidents and above all of impressions. True there are occasional malodorous corners with none-tooclean canal backwaters-but they are as much a part of the Venetian scene as the ubiquitous souvenir shops which sell gifts ranging from the exquisitely beautiful to the nastiest rubbish. Old men in cloth caps who would look at home in some northern English industrial town lean over hump-backed bridges as black-lacquered gondolas with camera-laden tourists glide beneath, serenaded by a straw-hatted gondolier—a still popular if now rather expensive way of doing the sights. Much cheaper, if less romantic, is to hop on one of the vaporetti, the water buses which cover the main canals in a network of 15 routes. A runabout ticket valid for a whole day costs only about £1.25: no wonder these sturdy craft are packed beyond their legal limits.

Venice can be enjoyed at almost any time of the year. I would avoid the peak summer weeks from mid June to after the Film Festival in early September. The city is often so crowded then that you feel it will finally sink into the murky waters of the lagoon. And in winter it can be cold and raw, even though I enjoyed two mild sunny days out of three last November. For me mid April to mid June and mid September to the end of October are ideal times.

The Hotel Cipriani is open from late February to the end of November. Officially and justifiably rated as five star de luxe its daily room rates are between £33 and £66 single, £43 and £94 twin or double, with suites from about £105. A substantial buffet breakfast, service charges and taxes are included. Demi-pension is £15 extra on the above rates. All other meals are à la carte.

For a less expensive stay a threenight weekend in Venice at the first-class Hotel Luna, in the Piazza, costs £155; four nights £175 and a full week £235 with bed and breakfast and flights to and from Luton and transfers to the hotel. Single rooms are £8 per night extra. These are run by Pegasus. British Airways provide a week, again with bed and breakfast, at a superior pensione on the Canal Grande for £225 to £250 from London Heathrow. All these holidays are available until the end of October

Italian State Tourist Office, 201 Regent Street, London W1R 8AY (01-439 2311). Hotel Cipriani, La Giudecca 10, Venice, Italy; also bookable through Hotel Representative Inc, 15 New Bridge Street, London EC4V 6AU (01-583 3050) and at their various offices world-wide. Pegasus Holidays, 33/55 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 0PP (01-828 2151). British Airways, West London Terminal, Cromwell Road, London SW7 4ED (01-370 5411).

A fresh look at Florence

by Ralph H. Peck

Just as I arrived in Florence a few years ago I was confronted with the news that all Italy's national museums had gone on strike and closed, including the Uffizi Gallery, the Accademia, the Pitti Palace, the Bargello National Museum—Florence's greatest art repositories. While other visitors packed their art appreciation catalogues and left the city, I decided to stay. I'm glad I did.

Because all Florence is a grand museum, works of art may be discovered at every turn: churches and public squares with sensational exhibits that deserve museum-goers' attention; often missed municipal galleries, ununionized and less crowded than the more renowned galleries; nooks and crannies filled with treasures which are seldom mentioned in guide-books.

Central to Florence is the richly endowed Piazza della Signoria, where Medici princes lavished fortunes on the arts and staged courtly pageantry until the 18th century. For more than 300 years every Renaissance man of note either led his adoring entourages there or bowed and scraped to the Medici princes in quest of hefty commissions. Dante, Cellini, Michelangelo, Boccaccio, Leonardo da Vinci, Machiavelli, the della Robbias, Petrarch, the fanatical book-burning Savonarola, Donatello, Galileo—a procession of geniuses commanded audiences at the Palazzo Vecchio dominating the square.

The Palazzo's 308 foot tower, the highest in the city, symbolically proclaims it as the governing seat. When it was built Florence had more than 150 tower houses constructed for defence during the early 13th century. They were imaginative skyscraper-fortresses up to 200 feet tall. When Florence was under siege all the tower houses could be connected by movable wooden bridges spanned between their upper reaches. Indentations in the masonry of the four remaining tower houses show where rafters were inserted to install the highflying bridges across the narrow streets. When Florence became the infant kingdom of Italy's first capital from 1865 to 1871 insensitive politicians had most of the historic tower houses demolished "for hygiene and progress".

In front of the Palazzo Vecchio are Donatello's *Judith* and the colossal Neptune Fountain inspired by a Leonardo da Vinci sketch and adorned with bronze nymphs and fauns by Ammanati. A plaque in the pavement marks the spot where Savonarola was hanged and put to the torch. Grand Duke Cosimo I, a Medici, had the Palazzo Vecchio renovated under the architect, painter and art historian Giorgio Vasari. In his multi-volume guide to the Palace Vasari suggests that it would take three days to see the complex. Among the wondrous contents are

Michelangelo and da Vinci cartoons.

Work by Giotto may also be seen without shuffling through the Uffizi. A cycle of his celebrated frescos emblazons the Franciscan Church of Santa Croce. Dating from 1320, the paintings were rediscovered beneath layers of lime and plaster in 1842. Contemporary restorations have refreshened the colours. The church also has a sublime Donatello Crucifix.

The Medicis had the Church of San Lorenzo renovated splendidly by Brunelleschi. The church dates from AD 393 and was reconstructed in 1060. Michelangelo designed the new sacristy and library, and his Dawn and Twilight and Day and Night figures in white marble for Medici sarcophagi are unsurpassed.

You could spend weeks exploring Florence's great churches, but the city's religious focal point is the Piazza del Duomo. The Duomo is renowned for Brunelleschi's magnificent cupola, the first great dome unsupported by wood rafters. The Duomo's interior, however, is disappointingly bleak; its choir stalls and other important effects were taken to the cathedral museum behind the huge edifice and may be seen there. Cherubs and moppets by Donatello and Luca della Robbia are especially enchanting. Adjacent to the cathedral the Bell Tower in white, green and red marble was designed by Giotto and completed by Andrea Pisano. At 275 feet and with 414 steps it is Italy's finest Gothic campanile.

Facing the Bell Tower is the Baptistry, the doors of which are supreme Renaissance expressions in gilded bronze. The oldest door on the south by Pisano depicts scenes from the life of John the Baptist. An art competition in 1402 attracted several master craftsmen in quest of the commission to design the north door. Ghiberti ran off with the prize. Assisted by Donatello and others, his work signalled an evolution in art from Pisano's stylized figures to an era of free naturalism. But Ghiberti's most glowing masterpiece is the east door, nicknamed by Michelangelo The Gate of Paradise. During the 27 years Ghiberti laboured to complete the panels, he flaunted his brilliant skills as a goldsmith and sculptor, assuring his place among the greatest artists the world has known. In 1966 the rampaging flood that tore through Florence ripped panels from the door. They were found later buried in mud a mile down the Arno, miraculously unscathed.

At the Straw Market it is traditional for visitors to assure their return to Florence by tweaking the nose of the bronze boar, *Porcellino*. The pig's nose is golden from the touch of thousands who hope to return one day

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WEEKEND AWAY

On the south coast

by Des Wilson

You drive over the brow of a hill on the A27, only two and a half hours from London, and there it is, Arundel Castle, a spectacular, silent sentinel as the Friday night dusk begins to fall over the surrounding town and the valley of the river Arun below. It is a stirring sight to rejuvenate the traveller who has negotiated the weekend traffic out of the city to this appealing corner of Sussex.

An immediate word of warning about Arundel Castle: it is open to the public only on some days at some times of the year and it is worth checking the position before booking your weekend. The chapel, the furniture and tapestries. the armour and state costumes are well worth seeing, as is the breathtaking view from the huge 12th-century keep.

Arundel Castle, home of the Duke of Norfolk, was built by the Earl of Shrewsbury after the Conquest, and devastated by gunfire from Cromwell's forces in 1643, his cannon having been stationed in the tower of the nearby Church of St Nicholas (600 years old and full of history). The Castle was rebuilt in the 18th century and further restored at the end of the last.

The town is quiet and friendly and has an extraordinary number of antique shops. The Norfolk Arms, built in 1787 by the 10th Duke of Norfolk as a coaching inn, dominates the High Street and it was here that we stayed, taking advantage of their two-day leisure break. This is available throughout the week and for £42 a person includes two nights' accommodation with full breakfast and dinner. Up to two children under 13 sharing their parents' room will be accommodated free with meals charged as taken. While the building is old, the amenities are contemporary and the staff are youthful and enthusiastic.

Arundel is also well situated for those who wish to get to the sea, explore the villages of West Sussex or visit Chichester and without rushing we managed all three. Chichester Cathedral is not only beautiful, with an elegant spire nearly 300 feet high, but it has an exceptionally warm atmosphere. It is well maintained and visitors are made genuinely welcome. Volunteer guides are nearly always available to parties of all ages and it is possible—indeed one is encouraged—to tag along for the tour.

It is a short distance to the South Downs and on the way we drove through woods, frequently surprised by the appearance in clearings of little villages of half-timbered and thatched cottages and churches dating back several hundreds of years; for instance, Boxgrove, virtually one street, but with a church built around 1200. On another slope of the Downs is Bignor where there is one of the largest Roman villas in the country. It covers over 4 acres and has some superb mosaic floors.

Bury, location of the house where John Galsworthy lived and died, is also in this area of Sussex. There are a number of great estates, too, perhaps the best known of which is Goodwood: unfortunately its 18th-century mansion is only occasionally open to the public.

In the other direction from Chichester is the coast, with mile after mile of sandy beach fronting Bracklesham Bay. Some of the best views of the Sussex coastline and the Isle of Wight are at the interesting seaside town of Selsey.

For the weekender who does not want a lengthy drive from London and likes to be near the sea the south coast from Kent through Sussex to Hampshire offers plenty of choice within two to two and a half hours' journey time. A Hampshire town ideally placed for both the sea and the New Forest is Lymington, best known as a place of departure for the Isle of Wight and as a yachting centre, but offering also a busy street market on Saturdays.

If outstanding food and wine are essential ingredients of your weekend, you will probably stay at the Stanwell House Hotel, whose Railings restaurant is developing a high reputation throughout Hampshire for both the quality and freshness of its food and its exceptional wine list. Its young owner, Jeremy Willcock, has made wine his special interest and is justifiably proud of his cellar. Even the bedrooms are named after the châteaux from which his wine comes. The hotel is comfortable and relaxing and offers a very reasonable leisure break of £40 a person for two nights, including full breakfast and dinner, service and VAT included.

Stanwell House Hotel caters for children, too, but is perhaps best for couples and perfect if you plan to spend the days on the water and the evenings wining and dining. Nearby at Brockenhurst the Forest Park Hotel is, on the other hand, probably better for those with children. It is comfortable and roomy, the food is good and it has a swimming pool, tennis court and riding stables. The New Forest is at its door. It is owned by Forestdale Hotels, who run the Norfolk Arms at Arundel, and offers similar leisure weekends: two nights' accommodation, breakfast and dinner for £42 a person

Norfolk Arms Hotel, Arundel, West Sussex BN18 9AD (tel: 0903 882101). Stanwell House Hotel, Lymington, Hampshire SO4 9AA (tel: 0590 77123).

Forest Park Hotel, Brockenhurst, Hampshire SO4 7ZG (tel: 059 02

South East England Tourist Board, 4/6 Monson Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN1 1NH (tel: 0892 40766).

Southern Tourist Board, Leigh Road, Eastleigh, Hampshire SO5 4DE (tel: 0703 616027).

With a Saab in the Baja

by Stuart Marshall

Despite its name, Baja California is Mexican. It is a curious appendage to the North American land mass: an 800 mile peninsula of rock, sand and scrub, never much more than 100 miles wide, the Pacific on one side, the Gulf of California on the other.

You leave the affluence of the United States a ten minute drive from San Diego and cross into Mexico at Tijuana. I headed south in my Saab Turbo 900, the blue Pacific sparkling on my right, a good tarmac road beneath me. At Ensenada I turned east for San Felipe, 120 miles away on the Gulf of California. Without so much as a whimper from its Michelin TRX ultra-low-profile tyres the Saab swept round the bends at far higher speeds than the warning signs recommended.

There was no traffic to speak of. Once over the San Matias Pass, the road stretched ahead farther than the eye could see.

In Mexico there is a 110 km/h (about 70 mph) speed limit but in this wilderness it is irrelevant. So my foot went down and the rev counter needle swung round the dial until my automatic 900 Turbo was cruising at a steady 110-115 mph. At this kind of speed it was superb. There was not enough noise from the engine, transmission or wind roar to make conversation difficult. The ride was admirable; even if I came upon a wash-out (a stretch of road liable to flash flooding) too suddenly to brake down to a sensible 60 mph, the suspension did not bottom.

Next day I went off-roading, which is what the Baja is all about. From San Felipe I drove north and then west for 50 miles until the sign "Rancho Mike" appeared. I turned off the tarmac on to a track. It started mildly enough. The ridged sand kept hitting the exhaust system but the road—a courtesy title—was fairly level. Then came the hills and the rocks. The first river crossing was easy; on the next, one of the accompanying cars cracked its transmission

case on a submerged boulder.

Soon the gradients were 1-in-4, the surface so rough that a way had to be picked between outcrops and holes. More water-filled gullies, switchback hills, hairpin bends; brakes on hard for a herd of cattle that appeared from nowhere; a final river crossing and I was at Mike's Sky Ranch for a cold beer and some lunch. Later in the day I retraced my path to San Felipe though I could have continued on the track until it eventually linked with the main north-south route 100 miles from Ensenada.

The Saab had felt as strong and enduring on the appalling track as it had been swift and refined on the highway. As a small manufacturer, Saab cannot afford to make frequent styling changes. They concentrate on real improvements instead. The 1981 model 900 four-door saloon (all previous 900 models have been three- or five-door hatchbacks) has a wrestler's constitution with the manners of a diplomat. It has already increased Saab's share of the executive market in Britain, as in other European countries, because few such buyers expect their business car to carry lawnmowers or straw bales and prefer a conventional boot.

It is a truly excellent car, mechanically silky, extremely comfortable and safe as well as swift. At £11,595 the 900 Turbo is at the top of the range; simpler versions without turbocharging but with the same body cost from £6,825.

But why launch the 900 saloon in the Baja? Because Saab has a special relationship with the area, and with the annual Baja race, run annually for hundreds of miles over the kind of tracks that led me to Mike's Sky Ranch. It is a killer of cars; some survive only a few miles. Years ago, when Saab was feeling its way into the US market, it competed with astonishing success in the Baja race, running what was no more than a rally-equipped 96 saloon against much more powerful, specialized machines.

So it was a sentimental journey for Saab. And for me an introduction to the Baja magic



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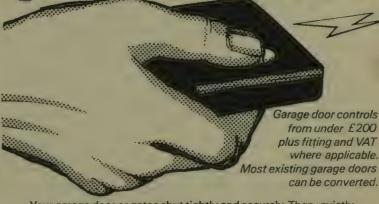
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Justice not seen to be done

by Robert Blake

The King Over the Water by Michael Pye Hutchinson, £7,95

This is an account of the Duke of Windsor's career as Governor of the Bahamas from July, 1940, to March, 1945. It is written by the co-author of The Movie Brats, and the sole author of The Moguls: Inside the Business of Showbusiness. The style, unfortunately, is what one might expect. "Over the hill in Nassau, south of the ridge on which Government House stood, the healing trade winds do not reach." Why the inversion? And what is the author thinking of when he writes of the Duchess, "She was a woman with a past, like any woman who had not perfected her life to meet the exacting standards of the British Court"? Surely there are some women who have neither got a "past" nor "perfected" their lives to meet court standards. Elsewhere he writes: "Such luxurious actions dimmed their political clout." How does one dim a clout? We are told that the author obtained a first in History at Oxford. If he wrote like this then, the examiners must have been nodding, but perhaps he lost his literacy later. The book has no index and very inadequate references.

There is, however, a more serious criticism of someone who ought to appreciate the importance of historical evidence. Mr Pye's book has been serialized and given much publicity because it purports to reveal the discreditable financial transactions of the Duke and to link him with some dubious characters-in particular James D. Mooney of General Motors who was violently anti-British; Axel Wenner-Gren, a Swedish pro-Nazi millionaire: and Sir Harry Oakes, a shady Canadian tycoon who had settled in the Bahamas and whose brutal murder in 1943 has never been cleared up. There is no doubt that the Duke did associate with all these people and with others scarcely less undesirable. Mr Pye has made use of that invaluable source, the American archives now available under the Freedom of Information Act. It is clear from these that the Duke was regarded as a serious security risk and that he was deeply distrusted.

It is Mr Pye's thesis that the Duke of Windsor not only knew and talked on a familiar basis to people who were either pro-Nazi or financially unscrupulous, or both, but that he actually used them in order to evade sterling exchange regulations. This is a serious charge and if there is real proof of its truth the evidence ought to be spelled out in detail. Mr Pye does not do so. On pages 86-87 he states: "On Windsor's behalf, Wenner-Gren was holding \$2,500,000 in the Bahamas. Some of this was for

Windsor's own benefit; all of it was available at his request. It represented Windsor's strategy for keeping his personal money safe from the fortunes of war in Europe ... Thanks to Wenner-Gren he could evade exchange control when he wanted." The authority cited is simply: "National Archives Washington 800.20211, 21 July 1942". This is not good enough. Who wrote what and to whom, that is recorded on July 21, 1942, in the Washington Archives? It makes a great difference to know and. since the book is inflated with a lot of picturesque descriptive writing about the "Bay Street Boys" and other padding, there is no reason on grounds of space against quoting the documents more fully.

On page 101 Mr Pye describes Wenner-Gren as "stakeholder for Windsor" in connexion with a transaction involving Sir Harry Oakes and investment in Mexico, but he gives us no authority. On page 127 we are told, on the basis of another Washington report, that Wenner-Gren expected the Windsors to be passengers on his yacht from Nassau to Veracruz late in 1941. This is soon transformed, again without any evidence, into an assertion that they intended to settle in Mexico on funds illicitly transmitted by the Swede. But Wenner-Gren's expectation is not in itself proof that the Windsors had such a plan, which was only frustrated by the entry of America into the war and the black-listing of Wenner-Gren himself.

The same gaps occur in Mr Pye's treatment of the murder of Sir Harry Oakes, who had evaded exchange controls in order to transfer a part of his vast fortune to Mexico. "Windsor had been a conspirator in the Mexico business," writes Mr Pye, once again without giving evidence, and he goes on to speculate about the fears of the Duke at the prospect of Oakes's financial dealings being revealed after his death. The Duke, with what everyone agrees to have been fatuous folly, had the case investigated by two Miami policemen of dubious repute who quickly decided that the murderer was Alfred de Marigny, a highly sexed Mauritian "Count" who owned a yacht called Concubine and had married Oakes's daughter, to Oakes's disgust. The evidence was so flimsy that, despite police perjury, he was acquitted. That the Duke was very silly is undeniable, but to say on page 240 that "he had been involved in the framing of an innocent man" is quite another matter, unless the claim can be substantiated.

Mr Pye's general verdict that the Duke's term as Governor irrevocably damaged his reputation is probably true. But the book's importance depends on the accuracy of specific claims which may be correct but are certainly not demonstrated to be so. Historical justice, like other forms of justice, must not only be done but be seen to have been done. The Windsors may have been a foolish couple but they deserve fair play as much as anyone else.

Recent

by Ian Stewart

The Book of Ebenezer Le Page by G. B. Edwards Hamish Hamilton, £7.50 A Bonfire by Pamela Hansford Johnson Macmillan, £5.95 The China Egg and other Stories by Gillian Tindall Hodder and Stoughton, £6.95

If it is nothing else The Book of Ebenezer Le Page is an interesting oddity. whether considered as novel or autobiography or even if dismissed as an inconsequential reminiscence about the narrator's life on Guernsey from the turn of the century to the 1960s. Life on the island seems like that of a closed, primitive village community, and it is pretty hard for those who are fishermen or quarrymen. Religion in Ebenezer's family as he grew up meant chapel or the Closed Brethren and, though family life includes two colourfully conflicting aunts living in adjoining houses, it also has a wider connotation because Ebenezer seems to be related somehow to half the population.

The movement of time is oddly imperceptible and yet one is suddenly aware of it, through two World Wars and as the march of civilization. The unacceptable face of this (especially the destruction of the island by tourism) has made this visionary reactionary as much an exile on the island as the mysterious author of this posthumous book was an exile from it—in England where he spent much of his strange life.

But the island of Guernsey, or any place you can think of, will probably strike you as too small to contain the point of view that emerges from Ebenezer's book—with his oppressively lucid perception of the destruction of man's individuality in the modern world, surely he would be an exile anywhere? The writing has a peasant simplicity which is beguiling, if occasionally suspect, but also a profound, despairing wisdom. The ending, when Ebenezer meets an old woman with whom he had long ago been in love and parts with his gold to a young artist and his girl, is sentimental-and there is a touch of purple about the tumultuous climax in which his vision of paradise is prompted by a sunset and the sight of clouds "hurrying for a great event"

But the uniqueness of this book in terms of literary conventions is better illustrated by Ebenezer's account of the consequences of his having killed a German whom he discovered during the Occupation sexually assaulting a boy. The boy, his shame and his life before he knew that shame, come back to him, "but only in memory . . . The other I have dreamt of often." It is the dream of his cracked head and the blood, of

horror but no sorrow. This is a book of memories and perhaps also of dreams.

There are few surprises, let alone ambiguities or reverberations, in Pamela Hansford Johnson's *A Bonfire*. As its story, which shows Emma Sheldrake growing up in London in the 1920s and 30s, illustrates the unexceptional thesis that life can be full of nasty shocks and that even the nicest people can be caught out on "the primrose way to the eternal bonfire", that in itself is no surprise. Emma may be a sympathetic character but she exists only as someone to whom things happen.

When she is still a child her father, who has an auction business, dies suddenly on Guy Fawkes night in their home near Clapham Common. Her happy first marriage ends when her husband is killed in a car accident, her second husband is an alcoholic who commits suicide and her third, Mark, turns out to be bisexual. Between marriages she goes off the rails a bit, which does not seem unreasonable though we are perhaps asked to attribute her behaviour also to changing attitudes in a rapidly changing world. Emma becomes reconciled to her fate-"she and Mark would build up a life for themselves, based on tolerance and pity". She has a possessive mother and a characterful, plain-speaking aunt, and we see how they all find ways of earning a living as events transform their circumstances. But overall the plotting and characterization move within safe, predictable limits.

A novella of 50,000 words might be a short story which has got out of hand or a full-length novel which has failed to come up to its author's expectations. Several of the shorter pieces in Gillian Tindall's *The China Egg* offer truthful, intense accounts of her characters' dreams, aspirations and fantasies, but the long title story is the most ambitious one in this collection. It is about a successful, globe-trotting British architect and his wife who go to India in the hope of adopting a baby.

At one level, the one at which it really works, it deals with the uncertainties, hazards and agonies of the enterprise, a frightening "act of faith and hope" as the narrator-wife experiences it. The revelation of the squalor and poverty of Bombay, the hypnotic way in which she is drawn to it and her eventual misgivings about the propriety of her mission—all this is vivid, absorbing and totally convincing. But the effect of her affair with the Portuguese-Indian doctor who was to have arranged the adoption, and her involvement with his family, both overload and trivialize this theme.

From the central moral dilemma of an Englishwoman conscious of plundering an impoverished India as her imperial forebears had done, to the larger but familiar moral ambiguities and emotional ambivalence of Anglo-Indian relationships, may seem but a short step. This fine story would have been more satisfying, however, if the author had not attempted it.

Aworking party

by J. C. Trewin

The theatre has its own clichés, among them the over-employment of the verb "to work": "Does it work?" "How did it work?" This can become trying, like anything pressed too hard; but objectors have found themselves using it lately after one or two unexpected productions: a Measure for Measure which lifts the entire play from Vienna to a Caribbean island and a Seagull which transfers the action from Chekhov's remoter Russia to 19th-century Ireland.

How did they work? The Shake-speare revival (National) tottered along uncertainly, whereas the Chekhov (Royal Court) settled down at once as though the piece had been designed for the wilds of Galway. I was sorry about *Measure for Measure*. Michael Rudman, never an exhibitionist director, resolved to cast it largely from a group of endearing West Indian players.

He had no trouble with the liveliness of the Caribbean background. Principally, the trouble is where it should never be in a Shakespeare revival—with the speaking of the cast. West Indian players have their own speech rhythms, their own vocal slurring and sliding, so key phrases can, dangerously, lose weight. Famous speeches can tail off into

monotony through want of resource.

From the first this is happening at the Lyttelton. Neither the Duke nor Isabella can manage the verse; Norman Beaton, the Angelo, is better, but he gives the impression of an actor with so much on his mind that he cannot begin to suggest the Deputy's inner fires.

What does work—and this, I am afraid, has to be unfair—is the speech of two English actors in the cast: Leslie Sands (Escalus) and Antony Brown (Provost). They do not pretend to be more than lucid and straightforward; but it is the Shakespearian sound.

We miss very little in The Seagull which marks the 25th anniversary of the Royal Court. I think that occasionally a voluble coterie has over-prized the Court's general achievement; but there is nothing wrong with a Seagull in which Chekhov fits easily into late-19th-century Galway. Agreed, Thomas Kilroy, who has made the version, has removed some of the original wistfulness: the light is brighter and harder. But the characters remain under their changed names: some, such as the novelist Trigorin, who is here called Aston, with his notebook forever out, are more uncompromising than before, yet the whole play—directed by Max Stafford-Clark-works in a new milieu which ceases to bother us as the night

proceeds. Possibly Mr Kilroy has been over-lavish with a peppering of 19th-century allusions. There are splendid performances, in particular by Anna Massey as the actress one must always think of as Arkadina; by T. P. McKenna as the doctor who, perhaps more than anybody, has taken easily to the change; and by Anton Lesser as Constantine, though I wish he had not to forfeit one of his last-act soliloquies.

Something that for me, dogmatically, does not work is Michael Bogdanov's version of The Knight of the Burning Pestle (Aldwych). The Jacobean comedy is difficult enough: Beaumont's parody of a current play mingled with the commentary by a grocer and his wife. Having pushed their assistant, Ralph, into a leading part, they have come to see him do astonishing things in the high-romantic vein as a kind of London-fringe Quixote. The play could have a disarming gentleness that is quite missing here in a strident, self-conscious production that stays noisy-vigorous, if you will-with little else to offer except a litter of modern topical references, invariably depressing.

Meanwhile, at Stratford-upon-Avon, John Barton proves how wise it is to let a dramatist speak unhampered. Shakespeare is the dramatist; the play, *The Merchant of Venice*—absurdly at-

tacked in these days. The narrative remains as potent as it has ever been, and the entire night is an example of the civilized, uncluttered direction we expect from the RSC at its best. I shall think especially of the revival for Sinead Cusack's Portia, loving and adventurous lady of Belmont; and for the Shylock of David Suchet—as dangerous a foe as ever an Antonio encountered—who gives to the man a fierce humour and an ultimate fatalism.

I was far happier at Stratford than in the London Round House during the Manchester Royal Exchange production of Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*. A sustained fever-chill of a tragedy, it did have Helen Mirren's strongly emotional performance of the Duchess; but I have seldom been an advocate of theatre-in-the-round direction, however ingenious, and—beyond this—the company's speech, heard from the balcony, could be perilously inaudible.

There was no worry of that kind in a one-man show at the Fortune. There, finely, Roy Dotrice has returned to London, not as Aubrey now but in a portrait, called *Mister Lincoln*, which sets the great President squarely before us. It is a quietly and surely human and eloquent performance, at its richest in the Gettysburg oration, and from beginning to end it works

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CINEMA

A film to cheer about

by Michael Billington

British films about sport (not that there are many) tend to be about gallant losers. But one of the many cheering things about *Chariots of Fire*, directed by Hugh Hudson and written by Colin Welland, is that it celebrates the will to win. It is a magnificent movie. It tells a true story, is unafraid to involve us emotionally and rejoices in real achievement rather than mindless destruction.

Superficially it is about athletics; but its true theme is the battle between tenacious individualism and a repressive social system. Its heroes are Harold Abrahams and Eric Liddell and it is about the hurdles they had to overcome to triumph in the 1924 Paris Olympics.

Abrahams, a Jew, goes to Caius College, Cambridge in 1919 determined to be a great runner and finds himself battling against anti-Semitic prejudice and a donnish delight in gentlemanly second-rateness. Engaging a half-Arab, half-Italian coach, he is condemned for "the headlong pursuit of individual glory". Liddell, hailing from a Scottish missionary family, meanwhile has to contend with a sister who regards athletics as a deviation from the true faith and with a British Establishment appalled to find he will not run an Olympics heat on the Sabbath.

Welland and Hudson are undeniably celebrating hardiness of soul as much as of body. Indeed one of the best scenes in the film shows Liddell, on the eve of the Paris Olympics, standing his ground against the Prince of Wales and Lords Cadogan and Birkenhead, all of whom want him to bend his religious principles. What they fail to see is that his athletic prowess is indivisible from his Christian beliefs. "When I run," as he himself says, "I feel His pleasure." Interestingly, Abrahams emerges as a more complex and ambiguous figure. An hour before his big race he is full of panic and you think he is going to funk the big challenge. But in the end he triumphs as much out of loyalty to his coach as out of a defiant Jewishness.

A rah-rah film about athletics would have been dull. This is a movie about class, religion and Englishness. But through it all runs a justifiable nostalgia for an era when sportsmen were multifaceted individuals rather than programmed machines. Abrahams's passion for Gilbert and Sullivan underscores the film (down to flamboyant renderings from *The Pirates of Penzance* on a cross-Channel steamer). And Liddell's religion is a serious affair that leads him to give inspirational addresses to sodden, racetrack audiences.

Though Hugh Hudson comes from the world of commercials, he is not (like many directors from that background) primarily interested in flash images. Indeed he elicits some of the best performances I have seen on the screen in years. Both Ben Cross's Abrahams and Ian Charleson's Liddell emerge as men of substance. And there is also lovely work from Ian Holm, looking like a seedier version of Max Beerbohm, as the strawboatered, cross-breed coach; from Alice Krige as a D'Oyly Carte singer who is indeed Yum-Yum; from Lindsay Anderson as a don for whom college life offers the Caius to the kingdom; and from Nigel Davenport as a paternalistic Lord Birkenhead. This is a film to cheer about. I recommend it to one and all.

It is a long way from Chariots of Fire with its all-too-human heroes to Superman II with its tedious cartoonprotagonist. The former celebrates body and soul; the latter is yet another hymn to special effects. To me there is something infinitely pointless about these multi-million dollar strip-cartoons in that they replace the tacky fun of the comics with a humourless giantism. In this story, for instance, of Superman combating three outlaws from Krypton for control of the planet Earth there is almost nowhere to go for a laugh. Even Gene Hackman who pops up again doing his number as Lex Luthor, the master-criminal, has to send his few feeble joke-lines spinning into the void.

The special effects also no longer seem quite so special. True we have Christopher Reeve as Superman onehandedly propping up an Eiffel Tower lift that is propelling Lois Lane to her doom; we have the three Kryptonic villains changing the faces on Mount Rushmore to match their own; and we have Manhattan transformed into an arena for rooftop battles, full-scale hurricanes and the overturning of the public transport system. But Richard Lester's direction seems to lack much of his quondam larkiness and the film strikes me as a needless sequel rescued from gloom purely by the hip shrewdness of Margot Kidder as a Lois Lane desperate for a Pulitzer Prize.

Good news, however, from New York (where I lately sojourned), which is that a new thriller called Evewitness. directed by Peter Yates and written by Steve Tesich, is the most intelligent piece of escapism for some while. It is about an office-block janitor who is around on the night of a murder on his patch but who pretends to know more than he does in order to date a pretty TV reporter. William Hurt (a coming star) endows the janitor with just the right touch of frenzied solitariness; Sigourney Weaver gives the tube-journalist a spiky sexiness; and the film builds to a stunning climax in an urban stables with hero and villain stalking each other among the horses. Forties conventions blend with a Collector-like feeling for the way the lonely are often hypnotized by the successful and the film shows that Yates, a British director now based in America, is a genuine loss to our own native cinema. Let us hope we hang on to Hugh Hudson

Life assurance protection

by John Gaselee

Understandably no family man likes to picture his family without himself. Though statistics show that the cause of death in young men is usually by an accident, sometimes a serious illness or the need to undergo an operation results in death. Life assurance is therefore essential, but you must decide how much protection is needed and what form it should take.

There are no hard and fast rules because the situation in every family is different. However, one or two assumptions can be made. Presumably your family will need much the same income, with increases in the future to offset inflation, less your personal expenses and the money which may be saved by moving to a smaller house or selling one of the cars. Of course you may drive a company car, in which case your family would have to buy and maintain a car from its own resources to replace it. Your mortgage probably includes life cover so that at your death the loan would be repaid and can therefore be ignored in any calculations.

It is well worth trying to work out how much extra income will be needed and how much may be provided for by life policies already in force and by any benefits from a pension or life assurance scheme. Some employers provide a lump sum equivalent to four times an annual salary plus a widow's pension on the death of an employee. Useful as that may appear to be, can you count on it? Are you sure you will continue to work for the same employer in the future?

While most people have a number of life policies in force, often they are in connexion with specific purposes, such as repaying a mortgage or meeting future school fees, or they may even have been arranged primarily as a taxefficient vehicle for saving with the result that the life cover is relatively low and may not amount to more than the "cash-in" value of the policy. Almost certainly some "top-up" life cover will be needed. This can usually be bought for a relatively low cost by arranging for a policy to run for a specific period—perhaps until your children are self-supporting.

There is a choice of policy. Term assurance pays a set tax-free sum at death within the period of the policy. Benefits can pass to your spouse, in your will, free from capital transfer tax. If you wish the policy moneys to pass to members of the next generation it is best to arrange policies on a trust basis for named beneficiaries. In this way, although you will be paying the premiums and securing the customary life assurance premium relief, the policies will belong to the beneficiaries and in the event of your death the proceeds will be paid to the beneficiaries, free from capital transfer tax. Although the premiums represent gifts to the beneficiaries when a policy is written on a trust basis, they will probably be exempt from capital transfer tax under the "normal expenditure" heading.

An alternative to term assurance is a family income benefits policy which pays a tax-free income from the date of death to the policy's expiry date.

For a family it is worth while having a combination of the two policies. Immediate cash in the event of death is useful and there is much in favour of a continuing, tax-free income.

Bearing in mind that inflation may continue, it is sensible to buy a policy which provides for a regular increase in the level of benefits. This will be relatively expensive if a level premium policy is chosen, so arrange a policy with an increasing premium; with continuing inflation incomes will probably continue to increase.

There are a number of policies with increasing benefits on the market. A term assurance policy known as Timeproof Term is issued by Cannon Assurance. Initially this is arranged for a 10 year period with an automatic increase in the sum assured of 10 per cent each year. The premium increases by the same percentage. Within certain age limits the policy can be renewed, irrespective of the insured's health at the time, at the end of each 10 year period for a sum increased by 10 per cent. This continues to increase by 10 per cent each year thereafter. Naturally, when a new policy is arranged every 10 years the premium will be rather more than 10 per cent of the previous year's premium in view of the insured's higher age.

Some family income benefits policies provide for increasing benefits. One feature of this type of policy is that, if it becomes a claim, the benefits can be commuted if a capital sum is required.

Obviously an insurance company will pay out at death much less than the sum total of the benefits that would otherwise have been payable over a period. As an alternative, instead of a straight exchange for a cash sum a life office may be prepared to shorten the term for which benefits will be payable, making an appropriate increase in the annual amount of benefit.

Unfortunately, the great majority of life offices do not offer guaranteed values for commutation. While one office may be offering particularly good terms today, they may not be so attractive if the policy should become a claim some years in the future. If there is a possibility that commutation may be required in the event of a claim, it could be sensible to arrange the family income benefits policy with an office which guarantees its commutation value. One such office is the Yorkshire-General Life Assurance Co. While it is not the cheapest it is competitive, and the cash sum provided in return for the income benefits is guaranteed from the outset

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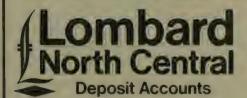
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THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE



The world of Bridget Riley

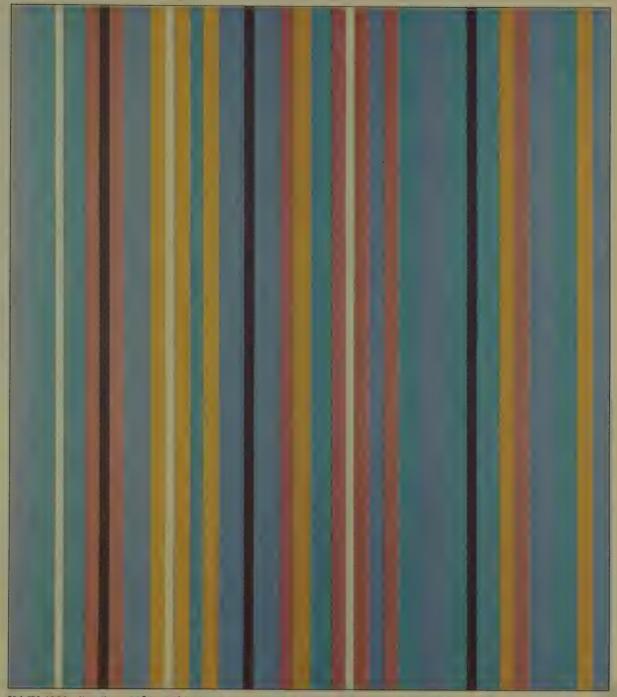
by Edward Lucie-Smith

Bridget Riley is having not one, but two, London exhibitions this month—at the Rowan Gallery in Bruton Place and at the Warwick Arts Trust in Warwick Square—which is convincing proof of creative energy. She has not exhibited in London for about two years and the moment is therefore a good one to take stock of the most distinguished abstract painter to appear in Britain since the generation of Ben Nicholson.

The merits of Riley's work have been widely recognized, certainly since she carried off the major prize for painting at the Venice Biennale of 1968. But it is also arguable that her achievement has been quite widely misunderstood, despite the publication of an excellent book on her work by Maurice de Sausmarez in 1970, in addition to a long list of interpretative articles by critics as eminent as Norbert Lynton, Andrew Forge and the late Anton Ehrensweig. The last-named approached her work with particular intelligence and subtlety.

Perhaps it is worthwhile to say something about these misunderstandings before trying to describe the new work. They are threefold. The first misconception is to believe that Riley is the English equivalent of Victor Vasarely, interested in experimenting with violent optical effects in a quasi-scientific spirit and to be thought of chiefly as a late offshoot of the Bauhaus. She is presented in this guise when people talk of her as one of the founders of a movement called Op Art, which was a figment of an American journalist's imagination. Alternatively people try to fit Bridget Riley into the context provided by the other English abstract painting of the 1960s—the local version of American Post-Painterly Abstraction turned out by the artists of the Situation Group, who began to exhibit at about the same time as Riley did. Finally, there is the idea that Riley is not an abstract artist at all, but produces paintings full of thinly disguised references to landscape.

While none of these descriptions is correct, and while in addition they all three of them tend to contradict one another, it is easy to see how they arose. Her work does make use of optical effects, though these are both less violent and much less scientifically oriented than is usually supposed. These effects, however, have their roots in French Neo-Impressionism, and particularly in Seurat's mature work, and not in Bauhaus teaching. It was a matter of pure historical accident that she should have arrived on the international artscene at the same time as a number of kinetic and optical artists whose activities were focused on the Denise René Gallery in Paris. Unlike Riley, this group did owe a great deal to Vasarely, who was in turn one of the chief heirs of the Constructivist tradition which the



KAIV, 1980, oil on linen, $29\frac{7}{8}$ by $26\frac{1}{2}$ inches, is part of the KA series which is on view at the Rowan Gallery.

Bauhaus preserved and handed on.

Insofar as the Situation Group is concerned, the difference in attitude is selfevident, though one or two of themnotably Robyn Denny-did make use of the optical effects which come from juxtaposing colours that are different in hue but of exactly the same tone. The Situation Group painters, like the American artists who influenced them so heavily, tended to think of art as being essentially a statement about the process of making art: a painting became an independent object added to a world of objects. Bridget Riley does not think like that. Her paintings are about physical sensation and also about emotion. They trace the frontier where sensation and emotion meet.

Most people still tend to attach emotions and sensations to particular images, whether of places or objects, and it was therefore natural for many of Riley's audience to search in her designs for something specific. The wave-patterns which have appeared so often in her work, and which reappear in the group of paintings exhibited at the Warwick Arts Trust, were thus thought to be directly connected to the patterns made by running water.

It is important to look at every new group of paintings Riley exhibits in the context of her work as a whole, as she is the most consistent of artists. There is a direct, step-by-step connexion between the black-and-white paintings seen in her first show at the now defunct Gallery One in 1962, and those which she is exhibiting now. Every successive show has marked a step forward: first the harsh opposition of black-and-white was softened to admit the existence of grey; then the greys she used became

suffused with colour; then colour became independent, though not used at its full strength. Bridget Riley has now arrived at the point where she feels able to control colour at its brightest. She also feels able to discard any rigidly controlling rhythm.

The best way to grasp what she is about is to look at the paintings of the KA series on view at the Rowan, since these arise from the specific experience of seeing Ancient Egyptian tombs with their tomb-paintings still fresh and unfaded because they had been protected from exposure to the strong Egyptian sun. In a recent interview with me she said that the impression these paintings made on her was great—it was as if the artists of thousands of years ago, using the limited range of colours available to them, had been able to capture and condense all the brilliance of the

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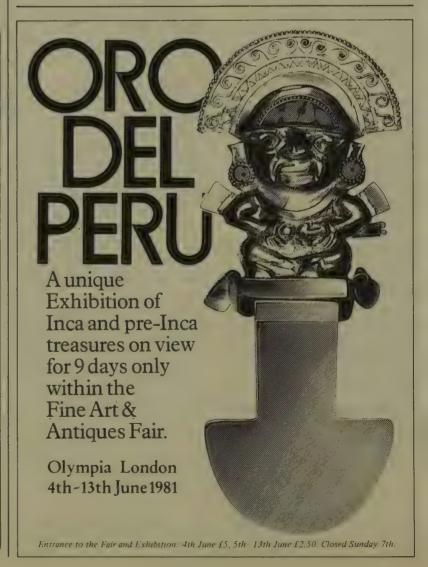
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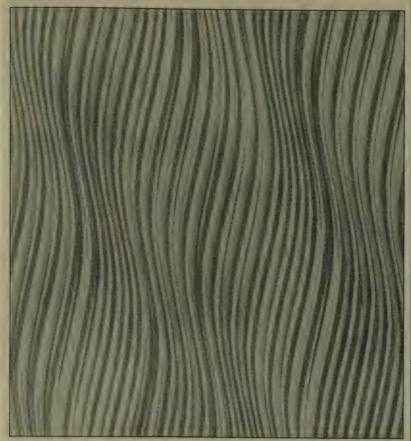


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Detail from Orpheus Study around Blue 1, 1979, gouache on paper, 38 by 24 inches.

world outside and bring it below ground.

The KA series therefore makes use of the same range of colours, and the title itself is the Ancient Egyptian word for a man's soul or essential spirit. But the colours are not used in any representational way. They appear as stripes, narrow but of slightly different widths, marching across each canvas.

The use of stripes, both horizontal and vertical, is not unknown in contemporary abstract art. It is sometimes said, in the case of an American artist like Kenneth Noland, that the whole point of using them is to suggest a sense of endlessness: the idea that the painting is only an excerpt taken from a much larger whole and that the design could be extended indefinitely. Bridget Riley's paintings do not give me this feeling at all. Each seems to be the appropriate size for the effect she has in mind, neither smaller nor larger—the artist does in fact make many experiments to find what dimensions painting ought to have. Small, tentative drawings are eventually blown up into full-scale preliminary designs on paper which Miss Riley refers to as "cartoons", thus bringing her own practice into line with traditional studio technique.

In the KA series the various colours appear in what seems to be completely random order. There is no discernible mathematical principle; they are given a particular position because the artist's instinct tells her it is right. The designs have the same relationship to Bridget Riley's earlier, more tightly organized work that a poem written in free verse has to a poem in strict rhyme and metre. The aim, however, is still the same as it was in earlier and more strictly organized paintings—to make the col-

our "move". When she uses this verb Bridget Riley intends it to cover a wide range of effects. The stripes can actually be put into motion; one colour can completely alter the hue of its immediate neighbour; floating patches of mixed colour can appear, greying out a particular area without any use of an actual grey; or the eye can actually be made to perceive independent colours which have no concrete existence on the painted surface. The ultimate aim is to set up an overall rhythm. The artist tries to use painting to convey some of the sensations we are accustomed to feel when we listen to music, in which the rhythmic element is perceptible as a thing in itself, existing independently in its own right. The difference is, as she points out, that in painting rhythm is something which exists all at once, rather than unfolding in sequence.

But the creation of these effects is nevertheless not her ultimate goal. In a perfectly traditional way she wants to use painting as an instrument of communication. What is it that she wants to communicate? Certainly not the appearance of nature, or even a transposition of the way nature looks, of the sort one finds in Monet's late paintings of Waterlilies. Rather the purpose is to present a mixture of physical and emotional sensations, rooted in nature but abstracted from it-not the sparkle of light on water, but the essence of what we mean when we say that something is sparkling. Her paintings do have subject-matter, but it can be incorporated in abstract nouns, sparklingness,

It is a hugely ambitious aim—and it is astonishing how often she succeeds in reaching it



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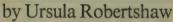
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We illustrate on this page a six-strand necklace with necklaced figure and a blister pearl as pendant; a tall gold beaker embossed with a human figure wearing a semicircular head-dress and ear-rings; a painted ceramic vessel of globular shape bearing the figure of a warrior with a gold nose ornament in the upper part and a huntsman in high relief below; a small gold female idol; and a gold *tumi* or ceremonial knife with an anthropomorphic figure ornamented with turquoise topping the shaft.









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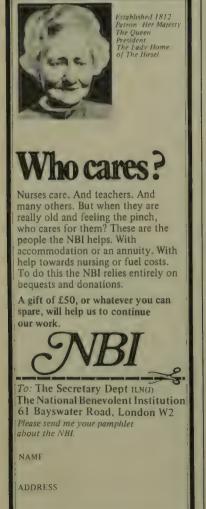


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OOD

Fish favourites

by John Morgan

I will explain why the decision to visit fish restaurants this month was not taken lightly. For someone who finds angling tedious and, if pushed, would argue it to be a fairly cruel blood sport, fish have played a surprisingly important role in my life.

My grandmother, for example, who lived on the outskirts of Swansea and spoke little English—indeed had never been to England in her long life—had few opinions on anything. Two views held by her were, however, held strongly. She believed that eating the crusts of bread gave you curly hair, and that eating fish was an unbeatable way of nurturing the brain. This latter view was handy in hard times since Swansea Bay was rich in mackerel. We ate a lot of mackerel and crusts.

For eight years I have lived in a house which has a strong stream—the Slad—flowing through the garden and under the sitting room. Merely a minor tributary of the Wye, it carries trout. My neighbour up stream has a trout farm where tens of thousands bounce off each other as in a public swimming bath. Occasionally brave spirits escape. In the dark beneath my house they lie and grow fat, lost to the world. These trout are pets.

And so you can see that when I visited the celebrated fish restaurants of London I asked people with me if they would mind very much not eating trout. So take as read that should you choose to order that famous dish it would be as agreeable as those I am about to describe. At Wheeler's in Old Compton Street there is so much else that no problem existed. It was good to see, since we are all sentimental about these matters. that I pitched upon the place's 125th anniversary. They were taking it in their stride. Luckily I was placed at a table on the top floor; the other two are agreeable enough, but the second floor has the extra virtue of space and privacy.

Naturally I began with Wheeler's Number One oysters at £4.30 a half dozen. Had I fancied the bisque it would have been £1.50. Now raring to go, I am afraid my nerve failed me. What I should have had was the Lobster Thermidor (taken from the shell, flared in brandy with shallot, fines herbes, and white wine sauce, put back into shell, sprinkled with grated cheese and browned under grill). The price at £9.50 held me back. I regret it but, as the man said, the only things we never regret are our mistakes. Instead I chose the Dover Sole Walewska (steamed, with slices of lobster, wine sauce and grated cheese, £6). A sole at Wheeler's is a proper celebration. The place is, let's face it, not cheap; it is good value. A restaurant that remains a treat could last at least another 125 years.

Idly, I did not ask the age of Sweet-

ings in the City, but it could be as old as time. Even before you arrive, its charm asserts itself. They do not take bookings. They do not accept credit cards. No doubt you would believe your correspondent a bit of a freak for regarding a trout as a pet; there is worse to come. I think credit cards are bad things, as being usurious and an encouragement to the miseries of debt. As for a place not taking bookings, does this not suggest it is a place popular enough to warrant a visit?

So there they are, all the City people, crowded together, standing or sitting at benches, tucking into the fish pie and the home-made tarts, or fish and chips if you fancy. The home-made apple pie is 65p, the roes on toast 85p; and I observed many of the future directors of the Bank of England elated at the breadand-butter-pudding at 65p. It is not the place to go if you happen to be planning a take-over or propose unloading a bundle of shares on some innocent: privacy is not its point. The food is fine value, the service of that amiability which mysteriously corresponds in cafés with seeming overwork, the wine good at the price. Take a 1979 Muscadet at £4.70; or a Beaujolais of the same year at the same price. Having saved so much on the lobster at Wheeler's I went for a Pouilly Blanc Fumé at £7. A Black Velvet, I am told, is £1.75. But Sweetings is the kind of place where you do not need one to raise the spirits.

About Manzi's, a fish restaurant sometimes regarded as the contestant with Wheeler's for the championship and a place in the European Cup, I am not so sure. The menu is attractive. It depicts a trawler, a Channel barge, a Yarmouth shrimper, a Folkestone lugger. The Cabin Room carries lifebelts, although the outfit shows no sign of sinking. Perhaps it was that the Dane at the next table was eating the Trout Almonde, or that the waiters seemed rather preoccupied. Whatever it wasand to be fair, it may be that I was feeling a shade weary-nevertheless this celebrated poisson-house was a disappointment. The bisque was flat and not very homard; my coquille St Jacques had with its scallops bacon too fat for my taste. So I merely report that I would prefer to swim north across Shaftesbury Avenue to Old Compton Street if I was anxious to do my brains some good of a summer evening. And now that I come to think of it, how perceptive was my grandmother: there is a virtue in indulging the body since the mind benefits. She would have eaten that lobster

Wheeler's, 19 Old Compton Street, W1 (tel: 01-437 2706).

Sweetings, 39 Queen Victoria Street, EC4 (tel: 01-248 3062).

Manzi's, 1 Leicester Street, WC2 (tel: 01-734 0224).

Classics from Germany

by Peta Fordham

The subject of German wine is always a somewhat difficult one, not only because of the tongue-twisting names resulting from the German desire to give an accurate description of their product. In this country we are more attuned to the Latin idea of vinification where the purpose is, in the main, to make wine that is at its best with food, or just before or after it. German wine is something that has to be learnt all over again.

Most Germans tend to drink beer with their food and they then enjoy their wine separately, slowly and appreciatively. Their wines are at once simpler and more complex than most of those to which we are accustomed, a paradox explained by the fact that there are, in essence, a limited number of main flavour "notes" (to borrow a term from the perfume industry) in the winesmany fewer than, say, among French; but there is an astronomical number of permutations and combinations of these staples, which affect both nose and palate. This is something which makes tasting and appraisal very difficult so that. until one can distinguish these tiny modulations, it is easy to regard the wine as simply "flowery", "honeyed" or just plain sweetly fruity.

The wines are therefore most suited to drinking by themselves, at least in the case of the finer ones, though these are also beautifully adjusted to desserts. There are few reds as the northerly situation of the vineyards lacks the heat needed to meet their sturdier requirements. One must accept that a great deal of lesser wine is also made and, increasingly, sold in this country. Some of it is good, some (rarely) is bad, but often it is indifferent. Liebfraumilch in 2 litre bottles can be a pleasant enough quaff but it is not German wine at its best. There are also a few new, somewhat experimental, dryish wines about. If you wish to try them look for a green (semidry) or yellow (dry) seal, with the words Deutsches Weinsiegel on the bottle, a guarantee that the wine it contains will be of reasonably high quality.

What I have been looking for is a selection of outstandingly delicious classical German wines which would ideally be drunk on their own, preferably out of doors, on a warm summer night. Such wine will not be cheap but I did find two relatively inexpensive wines, both under £4, from the house of Sichel. These were a young Dürkheimer Feuerberg Gewürztraminer Spätlese, a fullish, fruity wine from the Palatinate, with all the character of that spicy grape; and a Riesling from the same area, a Dürkheimer Abtsfrohhof Riesling Spätlese, is a youthful charmer with something of the new school of Rieslings, but with sufficient body to satisfy the purists.

A magnificent classical Rheingau,

Hochheimer Hölle Riesling Spätlese, costs somewhat under £5. Truly honeyed, an elegant and integrated wine with a long life before it, this might well be contrasted with another at the same price, a Bernkasteler Bratenhöfchen Spätlese from the Moselle, which Sichel's describe accurately as a "racy" wine. It is certainly a delight to both nose and palate. All four are 1979s.

Looking always for "backbone" in these wines—a mark of quality—I found it in wines from both Loeb and R&C Vintners. From the former a very characteristic Riesling from the Saara real aristocrat, restrained and yet full—is the lovely 1979 Ayler Kupp Spätlese, with its delicately persistent aroma. This at the time of writing was £5.34. A little more expensive, a 1979 Niederhäuser Hermannsberg Riesling Spätlese from the Nahe, almost explodes its fullness in the mouth, while a somewhat lighter Kaseler Hitzlay Spätlese 1975 is remarkable for its magnificent long finish. The R&C Vintners wines included at £4.50 a 1979 Leiwener Klostergarten Spätlese, a delicately persistent wine with a curious suggestion of elder (or was it broom?) in the finish, and a Bernkasteler Kurfüstlay Auslese 1976, also £4.50, suggested the ideal outdoor wine, beautifully balanced. The third, a majestic Steinberger Riesling Kabinett 1975, displays the Rheingau at its best, and is £5.50.

A Rüdesheimer Berg Schlossberg Riesling Spätlese 1979 from Peter Dominic (£5.30) is a lovely, elegant wine, full of the sought for backbone, not oversweet and ready for drinking now. Ready, too, and, like the Dominic wine, with a reserve of life, two Hallgarten wines, a 1979 Scharzhofberger Riesling Auslese ("Best Cask") and another 1979 Wehlener Sonnenuhr Riesling Auslese, confirm something that runs throughout-how splendid a year 1979 is for the Rieslings. To end the selection two wines from Deinhard. Their famous Hochheimer Königin Victoria Spätlese 1976, selling at around £5.50, is a luscious wine indeed which was in its time the favourite tipple of Queen Victoria, who certainly picked a good Rheingau bottle for immortality. The second wine from this house comes from a reputed Rheingau vineyard-Geisenheimer Rothenberg Riesling Auslese 1976—and fully deserves its price, currently £6.90.

Wine of the Month

As burgundy prices rocket and wine merchants quail at the thought of selling these wines here, one pricey but exquisite bottle impelled me to pass the information on. John Harvey of Bristol and Pall Mall still list Beaune Clos des Fèves 1972 from Chanson costing £95.95 (VAT and delivery included) the case and by single tasting-bottle £7.83 collected at Pall Mall. It has lasting qualities and is a genuinely worthwhile extravagance



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The Unusual No-trump

by Jack Marx

The convention known as the "Unusual No-trump" has, like many others, quite a well documented history. Some 30 years ago the North player in an American mixed pairs contest held:

♦97 ♥ K 10 ♦ A 10832 ♣ A K 107

She had doubled West's opening One Spade, East had raised to Two Spades and two passes left the ball in her court. Unwilling to give up so tamely, she doubled again for a take-out and partner, as she feared he might, bid Three Hearts. He held:

★1043 ♥QJ82 ◆94 **♣**Q965

This contract went one down, whereas Three Clubs would have been made. South was Alvin Roth, later to become well known as co-author of the American Roth-Stone system. Brooding over this experience, he felt that there should be some means of directing partner to ignore the other major and choose between the minors. Since Two No-trumps would only rarely be needed here in its natural sense, it seemed more profitable to assign it this artificial meaning. By the mid 50s the convention had become widely used.

At first it usually operated only when the player had previously passed, logically ruling out any wish to play at no-trumps. Once his opponents had found a fit it was likely his side could find one, too. The bid could be made on quite weak hands with a view to sacrifice bidding.

DIACI MICO	Diadinib.		
	A 4		Dealer Wes
	'♥3		Love Al
	♦ 1087	7654	
	*AOT	763	
♠KJ7		AAQ	10965
VAQ10	085	VK2	
♦K92		+0	
* 104		♣ J98	5
	♠832		
	♥ J976	54 .	
	♦AJ3		
	*K2		
West	North	East	South
1 💙	No	14	No
24	2NT	44	5.
DBL	No	No	No
	1 1		

South knew he had fitting cards, even though with no real length in the unbid suits, and he went only one down.

Rather later the less logically "unusual" Two No-trump, bid immediately over an opening one of a major, became popular.

major, oc	came popi	uai.
	♣A964	3 Dealer East
	♥1086	East-West Game
	♦63	
	*864	
AKQ10	187	♠J5
¥J54		VAKQ72
♦92		♦A874
*A73		* 105
	A ,2	

♦ K O J 10 5

*KOJ92

With little known about the hand at this point there is no strong assurance that a fit can be found, so the suits themselves should be fairly robust. However, on well chosen occasions considerable trouble can be caused to opponents.

After One Heart from East and Two No-trumps from South, West is rather foxed. Should he bid his spades or support hearts? Fortunately in this instance East-West were using a counter unusual convention. West would never need to use a minor naturally, South being known to hold both. If he did bid a minor he would be conveying conventionally three-card support for his partner's suit and length in a major suit of his own. Three Clubs would show only a four-card spade suit and Three Diamonds a longer one. Here with good spades and indifferent heart support West bid Three Diamonds. However, East with substantial hearts, for which he could be certain of some support, now confidently bid Four Hearts.

There are hands where artificial counter-offensive methods are not very appropriate.

Dealer South

Game All

AKQJ5

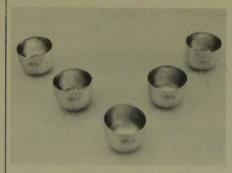
	♦AQ8	36	
	*KQ3	3	
• void		♠1087	32
VKQ1	10876	♥ J3	
♦J109	43	♦752	
*82		*1095	
	♠ A96	4	
	¥A92		
	♦ K		
	*AJ7	64	
South	West	North	East
1+	2NT!	DBL	No
No	3♥	No	No
34	No	4	No
4	DBL	4NT	No
5*	No	5NT	No
6.	No	7.	END

Here East's "Unusual No-trump" showed not the minors, one of which had already been bid by South, but the two lowest-ranking unbid suits. North's high-card strength was more than ample for a penalty double, which in this context promised a good holding in at least one of West's presumed suits. Thereafter the auction pursued an elaborate course, via cue-bidding and Roman Blackwood, not to the lay-down Seven No-trumps, but to a still very creditable Seven Spades.

Having won Heart Ace, South manfully faced up to the blow of a fivenought trump break. Relying on East for at least three clubs and diamonds, he contrived this end-position:

	♠ QJ5 ♦ 8	
Q 10 J 10		♠10873
	♠ A9	
	4 J7	

When Diamond Eight was led from dummy, East's apparently certain trump trick vanished



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CHESS

Literature and problems

by John Nunn

It has been said that more books have been published on chess than on all other sports put together. I suspect that this is a considerable exaggeration but the total number must indeed be large. In the last six months of 1980 alone the Yugoslav publication *Chess Informant* lists 120 new titles throughout the world. In addition to this proliferation of books a host of chess magazines, both general and specialized, appear regularly.

The longest-running British magazine is the British Chess Magazine, the first issue of which was produced in January, 1881. To have completed 100 years of uninterrupted publication is a remarkable record and few other magazines can equal it. The present editor is Brian Reilly, who was appointed in 1949, and for many years Brian and his son Freddie bore most of the burden of producing the magazine. The centenary would normally have been the cause of celebration but unfortunately Freddie Reilly died a few months earlier and this sad news was a serious blow to the future of the magazine. However the British Chess Federation stepped in to buy the magazine and its future is once again assured. Brian Reilly will be retiring soon after his 32-year stint and Bernard Cafferty, well known as a player and translator of Russian chess books, will take over as editor. If you do not already subscribe the magazine may be recommended as good value for money (the 1980 issues totalled 654 pages of chess) and you would also be helping to support the British Chess Federation. The annual subscription is £9.60 and the address is British Chess Magazine, 9 Market Street, St Leonards-on-Sea, East Sussex TN38 0DQ.

There has recently been a flood of new chess books in Britain. This might be taken as an indication that the recession has not hit chess publishing, but that would be a superficial judgment. Titles appearing now are the results of contracts signed two years ago and the small number of contracts being signed today make it clear that the malaise afflicting publishers generally has had a profound effect in the limited area of chess. Some publishers have stopped producing chess books entirely while others have curtailed their activities.

My favourite among the new books is *The Master Game, Book Two* by Jeremy James and William Hartston (BBC Publications, £3.95). This contains the scores of all the games played in the BBC Master Game tournaments since they started in 1975. More important, the last two competitions also include the comments recorded by the players at the time and these provide a fascinating insight into the thought processes of grandmasters.

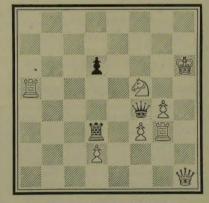
Another attractive book is Best Games of the Young Grandmasters by

Craig Pritchett and Danny Kopec (Bell & Hyman, £7.50 hardback, £4.95 paperback). This book studies eight of the world's top young players in depth. Each chapter contains a pen portrait and a selection of games designed to show the distinctive style of the player concerned. Some of the games may be familiar, but there are also some less well known masterpieces.

From the same publishers comes Pocket Encyclopaedia of Chess Openings by Jon Speelman (Bell & Hyman, £5.95 hardback, £3.50 paperback). Such a small book can only cover the openings in a sketchy fashion, but this limited objective is successfully achieved. The book is rather expensive considering its size, however.

Finally an unusual book, Chess Training by Nigel Povah (Faber Paperbacks, £3.25). The author aims to teach the reader to help himself and gives advice on selecting an opening repertoire, analysing tactics and many other useful topics, based on his considerable experience of coaching juniors. The book is suitable for club players who are keen to improve and especially for ambitious youngsters, but it moves forward rather fast and the reader must be prepared to do some work himself.

I have not mentioned chess problems before in this column but judging from the 1980-81 Lloyds Bank British Problem Solving Championship they are quite popular. Over 1,000 entries were received for this competition and from this total 14 qualified for the final held in London during January, 1981. I managed to win the final with 34 points out of 42 and Iain Sinclair, a Scottish international player, was second with 27 points. In order to enter the 1981-82 competition you need only solve the following problem in which White is to play and mate in two moves.



Send the solution (you need give only White's first move) to Public Relations Department, Lloyds Bank Limited, 71 Lombard Street, London EC3P 3BS, marking the envelope "Chess Problem Solving Contest". Entries must arrive not later than June 30, 1981 and you should mention *The Illustrated London News* on your entry. Successful entrants will be sent a more difficult set of problems by post and the top scorers will qualify for the final in January, 1982







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